

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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ONE MAN LEFT OF A THOUSAND

See
Page
Eight

PETER BODOR AND HIS WONDERFUL WELL

ITS MAGIC MUSIC

Thunderstorm That Stopped the Clashing Cymbals

A MYSTERY WHICH MAY BE SOLVED

Among the many so-called eighth wonders of the world is the old musical well at Marosvasarhely in Transylvania, which is going to be put in order again. It is not often that we hear such a delightful story, and it is hoped that an old mystery is now to be cleared up.

About a hundred years ago there was living in Hungary a man of amazing genius called Peter Bodor. He could make anything. His genius lay in technical construction. When he was only a child he made a tiny windmill that would grind corn. He was of humble birth and his parents apprenticed him to a carpenter.

Marvellous Clockmaking

People loved to point out an oak bridge which he made without using any nails, but mere timber work was too limited to keep his attention long. He made clocks so marvellously that some of the rich people of the town decided that he should be taken from the carpenter's bench and given some education. After that nothing was too wonderful for him to invent.

He was always on the borders of madness, as geniuses often are, and one spell of his eccentric inventiveness nearly cost him very dear. Down in the cellar of his house he made a printing press that would print banknotes, and he arranged the machinery in such a way that anyone who stepped into his house set the works going and printed a banknote for ten florins.

A Joke and What It Led To

Peter looked on it as a joke, of course, and never made use of the notes; but someone took the matter up, and the fantastic genius was sent off to prison for 20 years for uttering false notes. Sensible people stepped in on his behalf. It was ridiculous to take such an absurd trick of genius seriously, they said; how much wiser it would be to set this man making something that would be a pleasure and honour to the town instead of shutting him up in prison, where goodness only knew what he might do. Out of prison, therefore, Peter came and was told to make a well which would produce Turkish music for the town with the long name.

He was willing to make anything, and he constructed it marvellously. He made a deep basin to hold about 3000 gallons of water, with a cupola over the basin set on six carved pillars. Above the cupola stood a figure of Neptune, and hidden inside the figure and partly in the cupola was the machinery of the

After the Ride



A little horsewoman brings her friend a pail of cooling water

device. When the well was finished it could be made to play, every few hours, beautiful clear music that could be heard for miles—that Turkish music with roll of drum and clashing of cymbals which Beethoven used for the triumphant climax of his Choral Symphony.

One day, when Bodor was getting old, a terrible storm swept over the town and dislodged the figure of Neptune. The thunderstorm had stopped the clash of Peter's magic cymbals. The machinery being broken, the musical well played no more. Bodor refused to put it right. He was tired of musical wells. Presently the news came that the genius had died and the secret of the well had died with him.

The ruined well remained, a mute witness to the astounding genius of one man. It happened that Bodor had made plans for the construction of the well, and some of these have now come to light. The secret of the mechanism is now out, and modern engineers are going to reconstruct the well and try to set its music going again.

THE BILLBOARD AND THE TREE

We rejoice to see that Americans are once more protesting against the ugly boards which spoil so many natural beauty spots in their country, as in ours.

Ogden Nash, a popular humorous writer, has created a fine weapon for use in the warfare against what our cousins call billboards. It is a parody on Joyce Kilmer's famous poem on Trees.

Because this lovely poem is known to all Americans, especially since it was set to music in 1922 and became a popular song, the parody has made a great appeal:

I think that I shall never see

A billboard lovely as a tree.

Perhaps, unless the billboards fall

I'll never see a tree at all.

Horticultural societies and other protesters have prepared postcards showing a lovely scene along a highway, with a large billboard and the parody on its face blotting from view a beautiful group of trees, and the cards are being sent to friends all over the country.

MORE LAND FOR GERMANY

ONE WAY OF GETTING IT
A Great Scheme For Using Idle Men and Idle Ships

WINNING ACRES BACK FROM THE SEA

News comes to us from Germany of a vast land reclamation scheme by which that country hopes to compensate itself in some slight measure for the colonies of which it was deprived by the war.

We are interested in the scheme especially because it is proposed to use for it much of the idle labour and some of the idle ships of these days—a policy the C.N. has long been urging upon our own Government.

The land is to be won back from the North Sea on the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein.

Big and Costly Task

This coastline has suffered very badly from the depredations of the sea in the course of centuries. In 1362 it was forced back a distance of nearly 20 miles; in 1634 another terrible inundation caused the death of 6000 people; and similar catastrophes occurred again and again at regular intervals.

Altogether it is estimated that Germany has been robbed of approximately 100,000 acres of arable land.

This area it is now proposed to reclaim. It will be an immense and costly undertaking, and could not be carried out without the help of the Labour Army for the preliminary digging, although the skilled labour will naturally have to be paid for. It is estimated that there will be a considerable profit.

It is hoped that in two years 5000 to 6000 acres of arable land will have been reclaimed, which will mean subsistence for approximately 300 settlers and their families. Last spring a dam nearly two miles long was begun which will unite the island of Nordstrand with the coast.

It is also planned to construct a breakwater all round the land lying in the neighbourhood of the River Eider, so making safe about 125,000 acres now at the mercy of the tides.

A Thrilling Experience

Altogether about 16,000 workmen will find employment in these works for a period of four years; and it is assumed that new towns will spring up along the coast to house them and their families and provide for their wants.

Apart from this, it is planned to use old and discarded vessels of the merchant service as homes for those workmen whose immediate job lies out at sea. It will be a new and thrilling experience for their children, who perhaps up to now have only known life as it is lived in the slums.

See Europe Map

THE EVENT THAT DID NOT HAPPEN

MORE NEWS OF IT
Hameln Town Remembers the
Pied Piper of the Poets
HOW IT ALL BEGAN

During these summer months the little German town of Hameln on the Weser is celebrating with much delightful pomp and pageantry the 650th anniversary of an event which never happened.

The celebrations began on Whit Sunday, and will go on all through the summer; but the culminating day of excitement was June 26, when, according to the legend, the Pied Piper with his sweet music lured all the children of the town to follow him.

The Piper's Revenge

Everyone knows the story—the poets, among them Robert Browning, have told it in various forms—how the inhabitants of Hameln suffered torments from a plague of rats until a stranger, come no one knew whence, offered to rid them of the affliction for a price; how he piped the rats into the Weser; and how, when the ungrateful townsfolk refused to give him his reward, he revenged himself by luring their children away as he had lured the rats.

*All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.*

Browning (though his version is at variance with that of the town as regards the date of this happening) knew also the supplementary legend, according to which the children who had been swallowed up by the opening mountain-side emerged, unhurt, in far-away Transylvania and there founded an alien tribe, whose "outlandish ways and dress" distinguished it for ever after from the indigenous population.

The New Gate

What, it has often been asked, was the foundation of these poetic fancies?

The oldest known allusion to the supposed event dates from the 16th century, and is found on a stone which used to stand by the New Gate of Hameln but has now been placed in a crypt of the cathedral. The stone, which bears two dates, 1531 and 1556, records that the New Gate was erected 272 years after the spiriting away of the children by the Wizard Piper.

Now, in 1259 the flower of Hameln's youth fell in battle; while in 1284 a terrible epidemic raged among the infant population of the town. Probably these two events were blended into one in the popular mind, and, coloured with memories of the Children's Crusade and the fact that in medieval art death is often depicted as a wandering musician drawing the souls of men behind him, produced the picturesque legend which has come to assume the dignity of a historic occurrence.

German Colonists

The idea of the children's reappearance in Transylvania had also some connection, however remote, with actual fact. For Transylvania, which up to the Peace Treaty formed a part of Hungary, has ever since the 12th century had German colonists in its midst who, invited by the kings of Hungary to come and bring Western civilisation and urban arts into a country ravaged by wars, were allowed to govern themselves and to retain their language and customs, so that they never became absorbed into the Hungarian population.

Imperial Airway planes are now carrying from London each week 30,000 letters to Africa and 50,000 to India.

THE DRAMATIC MEETING AT VENICE

Hitler and Mussolini
and the Future of Europe
NEW HOPE FOR AUSTRIA

Queenly Venice has witnessed once again one of the dramatic and romantic scenes in history.

Five hundred years ago this lovely city was mistress of the Mediterranean, and the influence of her merchant rulers spread all over the world. The Venetian Republic was almost the sole bulwark of Europe against the aggressive power of the Turks.

The two modern dictators, whose word is law to a hundred million people, must have felt something of the magic of this lovely spot when they discussed together in its quiet places the problems of the nations, and have been thrilled by the enthusiasm of the crowds which gathered to greet them in the great square of St Mark's.

The Two Dictators

Here were two powerful men, both of humble origin, both raised to the highest influence in their States, almost entirely by their own exertions. Signor Mussolini has been dictator for 11 years, and the Italian people still acclaim him as few dictators have been acclaimed after so long a period of power. He has shown Europe what energy, devoted to peaceful development of a country distraught by war, can accomplish. Herr Hitler's difficult task of building up a prosperous and contented nation is hardly begun.

In the present serious state of Europe it was perhaps well that these two should meet and become friends. Had they met at Geneva, and worked together for peace, a big step toward disarmament might have been made.

If Austria's independence has been assured, if many of the tariff walls of south-east Europe are lowered, and if, above all, Germany has been persuaded to return to the League of Nations during these quiet talks, the meeting of these two heroes of their people will have been one of the most momentous of recent years.

VERY QUEER

A Telephone Tale of a Birthday

Birthday greetings are very welcome even if they are received by mistake. So evidently thinks a Scottish lady whom we know only by the name of Auntie Peg. The story comes to us from a friend in Lanarkshire.

One morning bright and early, not long ago, a mother and her children were talking of an aunt's birthday which fell on that day.

"Ring her up," said Mother, "and give her a nice message." The eldest boy went to do so. There was a double four in the number, so his mother warned him to say double-four instead of forty-four as he would at school.

"It doesn't sound like Auntie Peg," he said a moment or two later, and she hurried to the telephone to discover that the lady who had answered it was feeling equally mystified. "I am very sorry you have been disturbed," said Mother. "My little boy has made a mistake in the number. He wanted to send the children's wishes to their Auntie Peg because this is her birthday."

"Please don't apologise!" exclaimed the unknown speaker. "I am accepting the wishes for myself. I too am an Auntie Peg, and this happens to be my birthday, and I am quite sure that none of my nieces or nephews will dream of telephoning to me. Thank you."

Telegrams can be sent by wireless from all non-stop express trains in Germany.

SHOUT IT LOUD

One More War the
League Has Stopped
PEACE FOR TWO NATIONS

If only people and papers would shout as loud when the League of Nations succeeds as when it fails the world would not so easily forget that the League is the one disinterested body in the world which can put itself between two disputing nations.

We want to shout as loud as we can that the League has once more succeeded in stopping a war. She stopped it temporarily a year ago, but if the Commission she set up had not found a way out of the trouble the war might have started again. As it is Colombia and Peru have come to an agreement, and Colombia is to receive back Leticia, the tiny place which was the start of all the trouble.

The Bone of Contention

It is only a collection of poor dwellings with about 300 inhabitants, but it is in land ceded to Colombia by a treaty which she and Peru agreed to in 1922. When Peru, over a year ago, captured Leticia with armed troops and refused to come to any agreement Colombia appealed to the League.

The League's report supported her appeal, but as Peru refused to accept it the League sent a Commission to take charge of the disputed territory for a year. The year is now up, and at the last moment Peru and Colombia settled their differences, and the miserable little bone of contention, Leticia, returns to Colombia.

Help From Brazil

Curiously enough, although Brazil is no longer a member of the League, she is largely responsible for the happy result in that she supplied Senor Mello Franco as independent conciliator. As late Foreign Minister of Brazil Senor Franco used to be on the League Council, and, though his country has left the League, his heart is still with it. It is due to his tactful efforts that an agreement was reached in time.

If the League of Nations has this influence in a far-away continent like South America surely we in Europe might put our trust in her a little more.

THE WAR'S FIRST MAN To Lie in His Homeland

BEGINNING OF A DEATH-ROLL OF TEN MILLIONS

The first of the ten million men who fell in the war is to be laid to rest in his own homeland on the 20th anniversary of his death.

He was a Hungarian, Paul Kovacs by name, who was shot through the heart in a brief skirmish near the Semlin-Belgrade railway. After the declaration of war in July 1914 the Serbian forces guarding the bridge over the Danube opened fire on the Hungarian infantry the other side of the frontier. The ammunition of the Hungarians was quickly used up, and Paul Kovacs and another soldier were sent to the Customs house for fresh supplies. When they reached the bridge with the box of cartridges Kovacs was killed and his companion fell wounded.

One of those who witnessed this tragic event has retold the story in a Hungarian paper, which has raised a fund to bring back the body of Paul from Semlin, where he was buried, into Hungary, for Semlin is now over 150 miles from the Hungarian boundary.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth

THE CHILDREN'S FARM

Kingsley Fairbridge Reaps
a Good Harvest

£1000 FROM THE PRINCE

At a meeting in London the other day of the Child Emigration Society the Prince of Wales slipped a cheque for £1000 into the Secretary's hand.

But a hundred such cheques are needed before the Society can carry out its great scheme of starting another three schools like the Fairbridge Farm School of Western Australia.

C.N. readers have heard of Kingsley Fairbridge, one of the early Rhodes Scholars, who at 23 started the scheme of sending slum children to the Dominions to be trained in farming.

Building boys is better than mending men, he used to say. If orphans and children from crowded homes could be taken out to some such land as Australia, to live on a model farm and learn all about it, they would, he believed, grow up happy and healthy, well able to look after themselves, and just the sort of people Australia needs to fill its vast empty spaces.

A Thousand Children Trained

Kingsley Fairbridge died in proving the great worth of his scheme; but he proved it. The farm school in Western Australia called after him has trained about a thousand children. Of these only six have been sent back as failures. About 700 are at work on farms spread all over Australia, and another 300 are still at the school enjoying a happy training, living in comfortable little cottages with a foster-mother to look after each small family.

In 1932 and 1933, in spite of the depression, a thousand farmers were in need of helpers from this school, but only a hundred were trained and ready to leave. That shows the need for the three more schools which it is hoped to start.

Girls are also trained at the Fairbridge School, which combines an excellent all-round education with the land work. Many an Australian farmer boasts of a wife who is a real help to him because she is an old Fairbridge girl. The scheme has proved itself the one completely successful form of emigration today, and we hope the Society will soon get the rest of its £100,000.

WEEDS MUST BE DESTROYED

It should be more widely known that occupiers of land can be compelled to clear certain weeds from their holdings.

Under the Corn Production Acts, where the Minister is satisfied that any of the scheduled weeds (Spear Thistle, Creeping or Field Thistle, Curled Dock, Broad-leaved Dock, or Ragwort) are growing on any land he may serve on the occupier a notice requiring him to destroy them; and if the occupier unreasonably fails to comply he is liable to a fine not exceeding £20, and to a further fine not exceeding 20s for every day during which the default continues.

The Minister has delegated these powers to the county agricultural committees.

THINGS SAID

Cheer up! Many a cricketer bowled for a duck has lived to score a century.

A poster

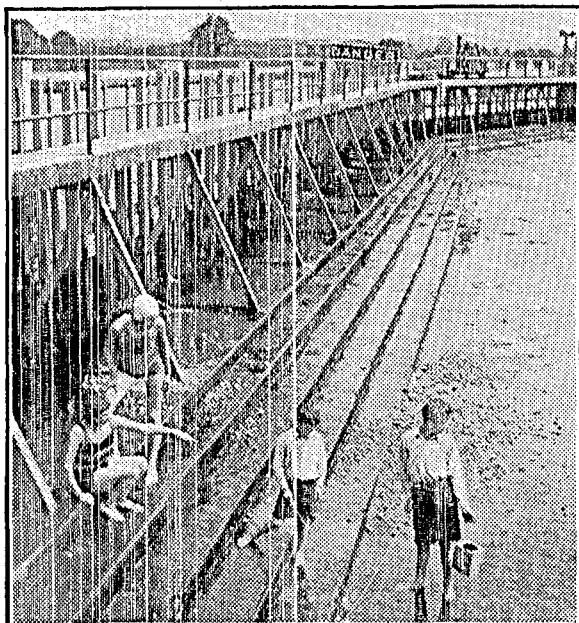
Science has given us knowledge fit for the gods and we bring to its use the mentality of schoolboys.

Mr C. E. M. Joad

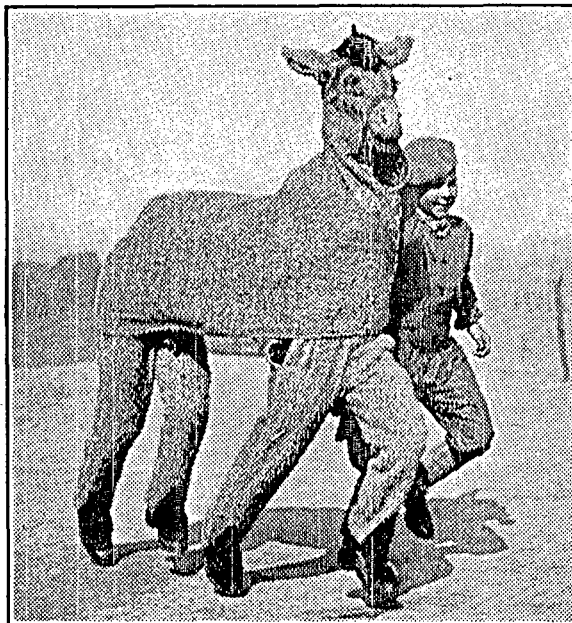
The Government will fail in its duty if it allows any faction, either of the Right or of the Left, to disturb the peace.

The Home Secretary

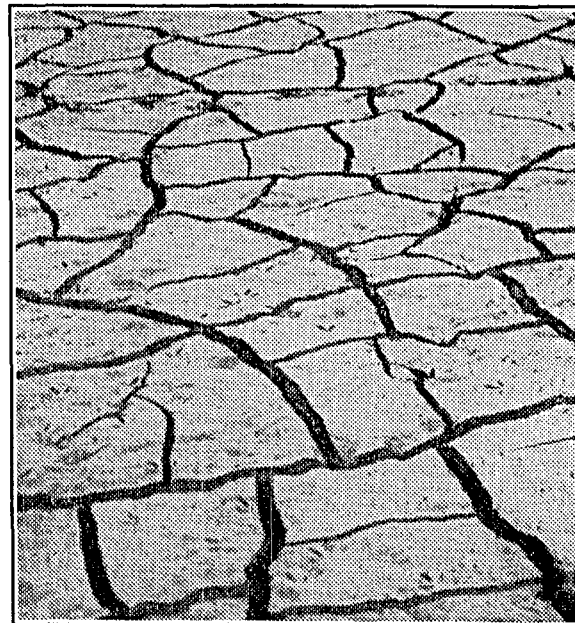
NEW CUNARDER · SANCHO PANZA'S STEED · HOME-MADE MOTOR-BOAT



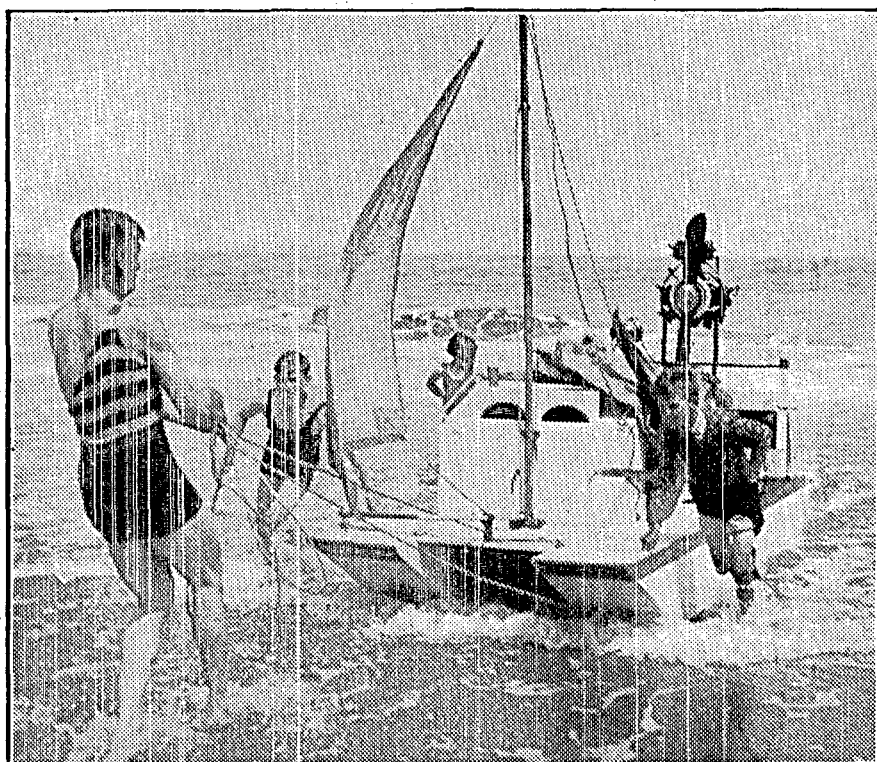
Use Less Water—A picture of Teddington Weir that illustrates the serious shortage of water in the Thames.



Dapple—The spirited donkey in the comic opera Don Quixote, played by the Swanscombe Central School, Kent.



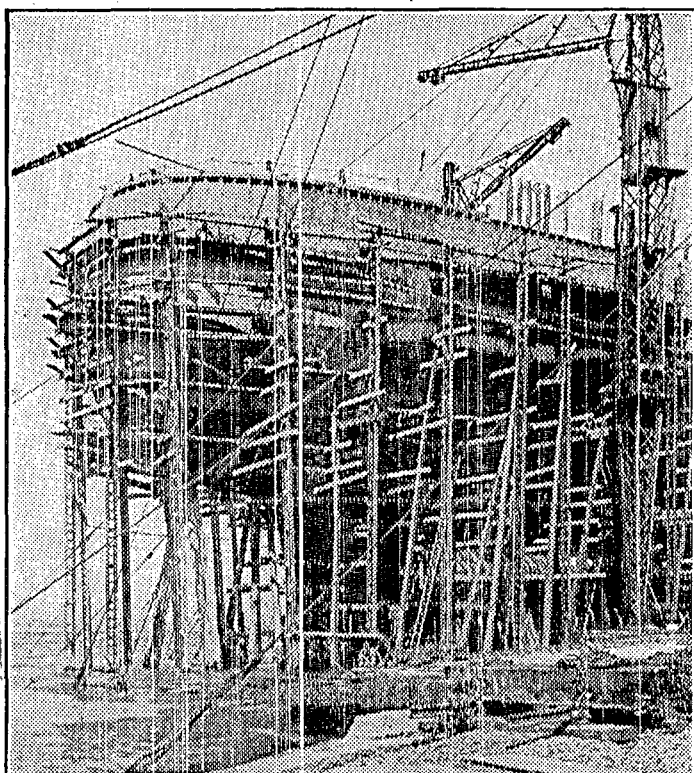
Design For Crazy Paving—The cracks that have appeared in the dry bed of the Tring Reservoir in Hertfordshire.



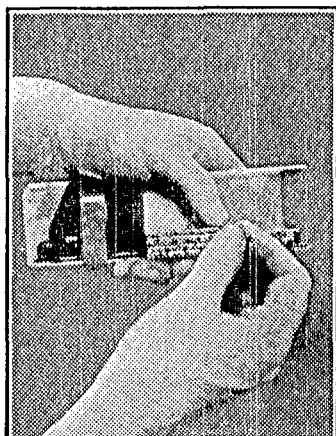
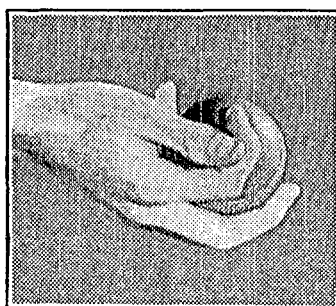
A Queer Craft—A young man of Cromer has built this boat, which has air and water screws driven by two old motor-cycle engines. It is also fitted with sails.



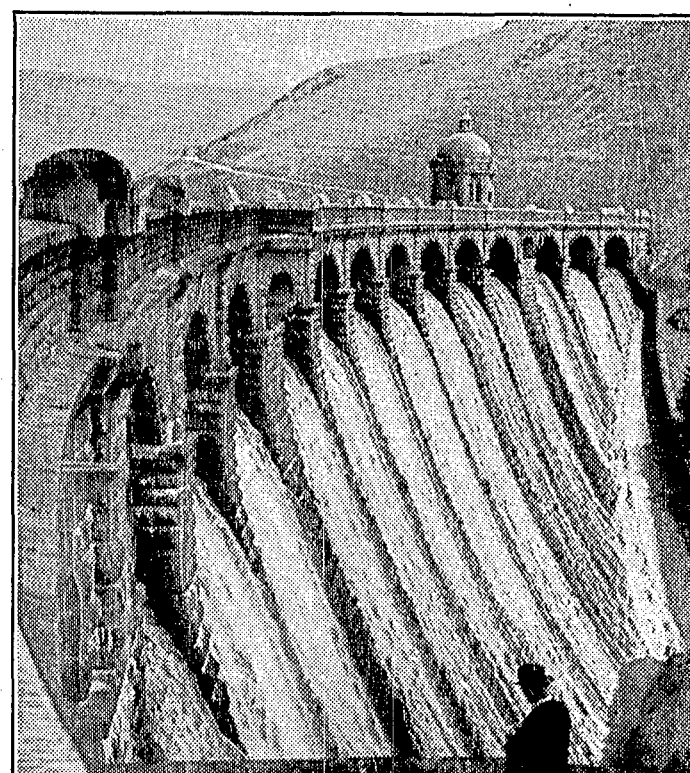
The Young Sailor—A sunny picture of a boy in his element, carefully watching the sails as he does his part in navigating a yacht.



Number 534—At work on the stern of the giant Cunarder in the Clydebank shipyard. She is to be launched in September by the King and Queen.



No Idle Hands—At the Mansfield House University Settlement in Canning Town boys are taught to use their hands to the best advantage in work and in play.



Birmingham's Reservoir—Water still flows over the great Craig Goch Dam in the Elan Valley, Wales, whence Birmingham draws its water supply.

BURNING ENGLAND

Heath Fire Alarms STRANGE REWARD FOR PUBLIC SPIRIT

Not for the first time a matter has arisen which may concern us all.

A public-spirited man took the trouble not long ago to warn a fire brigade of a dangerous heath fire on public property. The brigade did its work, and then claimed £17 14s 6d from the man who gave the warning.

The claim will be met by the authorities, but it is unfortunate that such an incident should occur.

Mr Lloyd George says that he himself has been mulcted in this way. There was a fire on the boundary of his Churt estate four years ago, and he had to pay the bill. The same thing happened again last year, though on that occasion the council waived part of the bill on the ground that he was a ratepayer.

Beauty Spots in Danger

Mr Lloyd George called out three or four different brigades, but it was not so much his property that was menaced as the council houses near by. It seems a ridiculous state of affairs that one member of the public should have to pay for saving public property.

The whole subject demands the attention of Parliament. Large areas of England are being destroyed. Beauty spots in particular are in danger, for it is there that picnic-parties mostly light their fires and that smokers throw down their cigarettes and matches while these are still alight.

It would pay the country to set up a corps of heath and forest guards, with a network of telephones and with proper provision of apparatus. Heaths should also be protected by cutting wide fire-belts. We have been much interested to notice fire-brushes kept on the side of heaths and commons in Suffolk.

HACHIKO THE FAITHFUL

A Little Bronze Image in Tokyo

Little bronze images of Hachiko, the faithful dog, are to be presented to the Emperor and Empress of Japan.

From the time when Ulysses, returning from his wanderings, was greeted by his old watchdog Argus, many a dog has won praise for its fidelity. Without number are these loyal companions who hasten to greet their returning masters daily, and Hachiko was among them.

Each morning he went with his master through the streets of Tokyo to the station, and each evening he was waiting when the train came in. It is a long time now since there was any master to meet, for he was killed in a railway accident several years ago, but Hachiko still goes to the station twice every day.

Surely in his heart of heart he must have given up hope, but he does what he thinks to be a dog's duty, and the people of Tokyo have been so much impressed by his patient devotion that they have decided to make him a symbol of faithfulness. Therefore a committee has been formed to arrange for little bronze Hachikos to be made and distributed.

It is a high honour, but Hachiko is worthy to join the immortal dogs.

WASTE OF LIFE

500,000 Permanent Invalids?

A physician has declared that while the death of 7000 persons a year on the roads is terrible enough, the nation loses even more of life through the injuring of millions.

In the last five years a million persons have been hurt in British road accidents, more than half of them being affected for the rest of their lives.

What could be graver than the thought that, among motor-cyclists alone, several young men and women are killed and scores rendered permanently unfit every day.

NO WATER

Farmer's 25-Mile Journey For It INCREDIBLE STATE OF THINGS

Not too soon the Ministry of Health is making grants to aid the water supply in our villages.

Some 300 applications had been made by the middle of June and the water schemes of 38 parishes had been approved.

By strange irony the biggest Government grant (£6500) was made to the Wells Rural District in Somerset, and the second largest grant of £5000 to the Marshland Rural District in Norfolk. We congratulate our dry Wells and Marshland!

Many of our villages have suffered severely from the drought, the villages round Shaftesbury having applied for leave to borrow £21,000. One village in this district, East Orchard, never has a satisfactory supply of water fit to drink; the farmers and cottagers collect the rainwater in barrels, but all the year round they have to fetch their drinking-water in milk lorries from seven miles away. The supply for one farm comes from Salisbury, a journey of 25 miles.

The Inspector of the Ministry of Health described the situation as a horrible state of affairs, and the surprising thing is that it should have been tolerated for so long.

THE SEA'S NEW JOB

Keats wrote about

*The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round Earth's human
shores.*

Now they are being employed for the washing of streets as well as shores.

Colonel Hibbert, Liverpool's new water engineer, is trying the experiment of washing the streets with salt water. The pumps which were installed at the pierhead to fill the public baths are used to fill the watering-carts, and on the carts is a notice, *This is sea water.*

So a good example is set and thousands of gallons of fresh water will be saved.

MAKING THE MOST OF SUMMER EVENINGS

Opportunities to enjoy crowded hours of glorious life multiply every year. The L.M.S. Railway is now experimenting with land cruises for office workers.

Observation trains leave some of the main stations after office hours in the evenings, and travel slowly enough for the scenery to be admired. Trips have already been arranged from Midland towns to Stratford-on-Avon, the Vale of Evesham, and the Derbyshire Peak. A short time is allowed for visiting the principal place of interest on the cruise, and the travellers arrive back late at night, having brightened their working week with a glimpse of England's beauty.

THE WOODPECKER OF BARCOMBE

Several readers have written to ask us what finally happened to the woodpecker of Barcombe who was tapping such holes in the wood tiles of the church spire that the Ministry of Agriculture had been asked to issue a death warrant against it.

The end of the story is a happy one, for the woodpecker, having drilled hundreds of holes in search, it is believed, of hibernating flies, decided on a change of diet when the warm weather came. It flew away and has not been seen near the church since.

It is probably now busy rearing a family in a hole in a tree, and we only hope it is not instructing its young in the way they ought not to go, the way to the church spire.

WHAT IS THIS TEST ALL ABOUT?

When the Australian kangaroos put a kink in the lion's tail in the Test Match at Nottingham they may be said to have knotted the ties of Empire.

Australia is a long way away. Not many newspaper readers hear very much about it, but when an English cricket team visits Australia, or an Australian Eleven comes to England, English and Australian hearts beat together, if they do not entirely beat as one. Victory is pleasant (we all like to win), and defeat can be annoying; but win or lose there is always the game, and it is a thrilling thought that every ball bowled and every run made is followed by millions of people, 11,000 miles apart, with a breathless interest they would never give to politics or even to the income-tax.

Young Sons of a Roving Breed

In England, when we can put aside the keen desire to show these young sons of a roving breed that there is life in the Old Country yet, we might feel a friendly sympathy with the cricketers who have come so far to play the game, and a more than friendly admiration for their prowess. Of that they may be assured. Don Bradman's flashing bat, McCabe's steadiness and brilliance, young Chipperfield's courage in his first Test and his dazzling fielding, and the magnificent way in which Grimmett and O'Reilly rose to the height of a great occasion and bowled out England for 141, could hardly win more applause in Australia than we are willing to give them in England, their second home.

What England now hopes is to give them back as good as they gave. No good English cricketer troubles himself now to ask what is wrong; all he wants is to do what is right. The first Test Match has been lost and the rubber won by both England and Australia, sometimes in one another's territory. Nobody should worry about failures.

Cricket's Glorious Uncertainty

As every cricketer knows, there are days when the bat beats the ball and others when the ball beats the bat. That is what is called the glorious uncertainty of cricket, and there are plenty of good English bats and bowlers to put the certainty on our side. If they do not, then it is our business to take our hats off to the Australians and say that they are one of the best Elevens who ever came to England.

England has had to do that before, and afterwards has forced Australia to return the compliment. Meanwhile, whether the future victory be near or distant, what we all can do is to admire the pluck and skill set before us by the players of either Eleven. Such feats have been a legacy of the past, and will be a bequest to the future. Nobody need fear that the genius of cricket is at an end in England.

Ancient Heroes of the Bat

None lives now to tell us at first hand of the feats of Alfred Mynn or Silver Billy Beldham, those ancient heroes of the bat, or David Harris and Lumpy Stevens, the bowlers; but we know at least one cricketer very well who saw W. G. Grace make a century for England and W. L. Murdoch one for Australia in the same match. He spoke to the Demon Bowler Spofforth, and, on a later tour, saw Shrewsbury and Hayward, George Ulyett, Richardson and Lockwood, Peel and Briggs. He remembers happy days when the boundaries rippled from Victor Trumper's bat.

He would be hard to convince that the cricketers of the present day are the equal of those giants. But the C.N. readers need not believe him. Some day they will follow his example, and at the pleasant game of Cricket on the Hearth will tell their youthful relatives of the great days of Woodfull and Sutcliffe, McCabe and Hendren, Jardine and Hammond, Larwood and young Farnes of Essex, and many a younger player still whose name has yet to be inscribed in gold letters in the Pavilion.

WONDER CEASES

The Latest Commonplace PUBLIC GETTING USED TO SHOCKS

The new invention is at first a miracle, then a nine-days wonder, and then a commonplace. Already we hardly turn our heads to look at an aeroplane.

As for air disasters, they have to be very serious indeed to engage attention in the papers. Thus, on June 9, in the United States, an air-liner left Newark airport at 5 p.m. and was due to reach Syracuse at 7.30. She wirelessly all well at 6, and was then silent. She carried a crew of three and four passengers. They crashed in a desolate spot, and all were lost.

This terrible thing was recorded in a few lines in papers outside America. Nearly always such disasters are described as exceptional, which they are not.

In France the other day an aeroplane crashed at a show, cutting the aviator in two. The crash narrowly missed the crowd of spectators. This also was awarded only a few lines.

Is the modern world growing altogether callous? Only yesterday, as it seems to us, we were accustomed to speak with disapproval of the ancient Roman arena, but we are easily beating its horrors.

A CAMERA TO TELL SECRETS

Please do it more slowly so that we can see how it is done.

How often has such a request been made by eager learners who want to know how to get the right twist on the ball to bowl the batsman, the right angle for their tennis rackets to ensure that their brilliant strokes do not land gaily in the next court!

To them the slow-motion camera has been a boon, for it has allowed them to study on the screen movements which could not possibly be performed at the slow rate shown.

Now, for industrialists and research workers, to whom it is even more important that they should "see how it works," the Kodak Company has designed a new high-speed motion picture camera. It can take up to 2500 pictures in a second, and with it is combined a timing apparatus, produced by the Western Electric Company, which records the time taken by the subject filmed in thousandths of a second. There are two lenses, one for the action and one for the time, both registering on the same film.

Many a movement which the eye cannot see will be revealed by this camera, so that both science and industry should benefit from the latest joint production. But we advise the conjurer to keep out of its way!

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE CHAINS

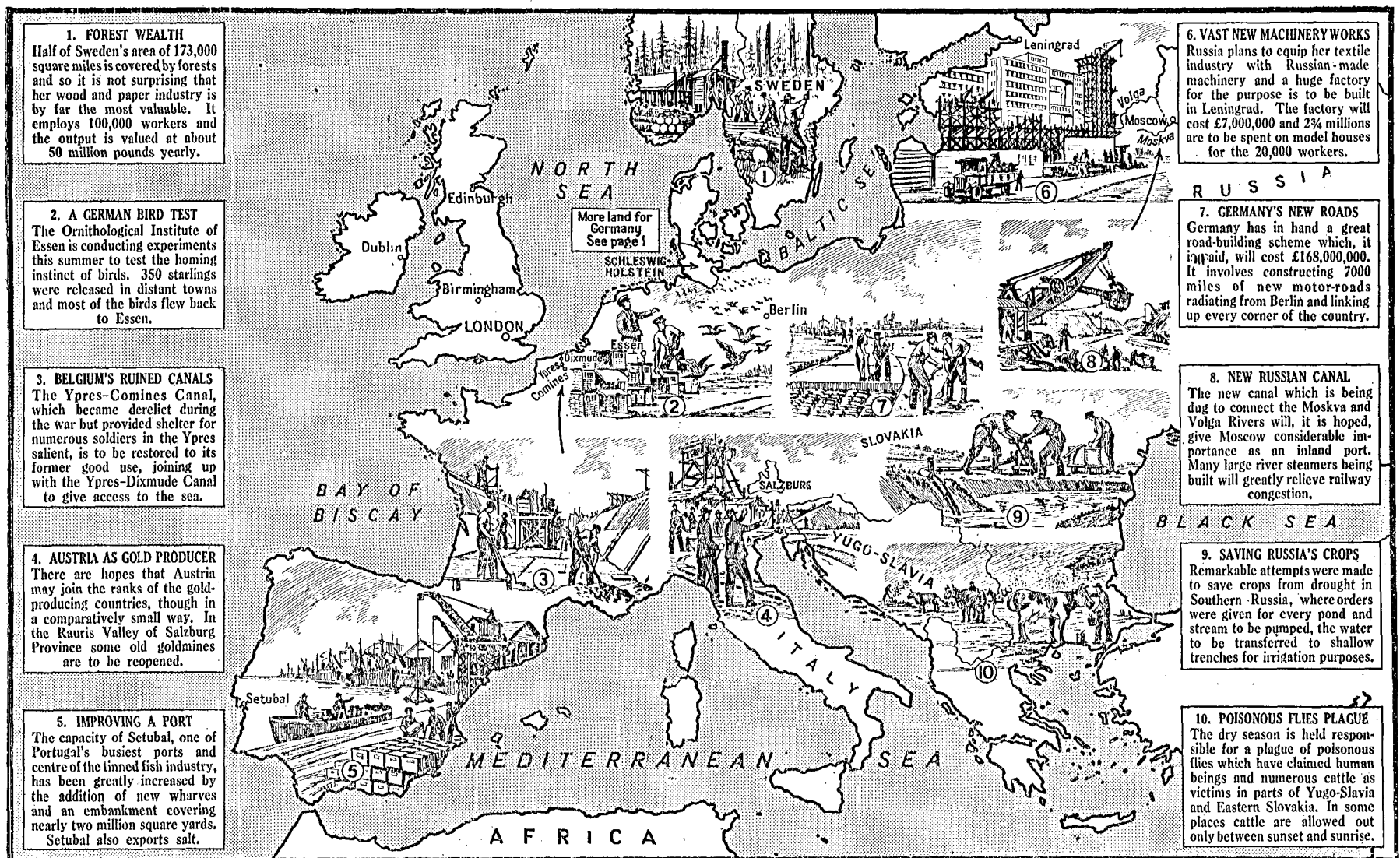
The privilege of the chains has been questioned in Vienna.

We see the same kind of thing in England before great mansions. Instead of an iron railing there are stone posts connected by chains often ornamental and very heavy. Sometimes children swing on the chains as they return home from school.

In Vienna these chains are a symbol that the house belongs to a noble, and that neither the police nor any public authority may pass within them under any pretext whatever. They represent a separation between the nobility and the middle classes. People used even to take off their hats as they passed the house and its chains, the owner being all-powerful on his own territory.

With us they have long been merely an ornament; and now that Vienna is no longer the capital of a great empire the chains are to be interesting vestiges of a power that is past.

THE C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



THE STREAMLINED TRAIN England's First Heavy-Oil Expresses

The streamlined express is going ahead in England as in America.

On July 9 the G.W.R. is to start a new express service between Birmingham and Cardiff which will run twice daily in each direction five days a week. Three new streamlined cars have been built, each driven by two 130 horsepower Diesel engines consuming non-inflammable heavy oil, and a maximum speed of 80 miles an hour is expected, although the 117-miles run between Birmingham and Cardiff will be made at an average of 56 miles an hour including stops at Gloucester and Newport.

The new cars are luxuriously appointed, and have seats placed in pairs facing each other on either side of a central gangway. There are seats for 40 passengers and a cafeteria where food may be purchased. There is only one class, but a half-crown above ordinary fares is charged for each journey.

The service is experimental, but it opens up possibilities for the railway companies to run main-line expresses between important centres where the running of ordinary trains is not justified, for the operating costs of the Diesel train are low compared with those of normal steam expresses.

A LITTLE MORE GOODWILL

Some enterprising young people in America have started a little 6d paper called the World Correspondent to promote goodwill.

Articles in their second number include one from England about the Yorkshire Moors, a story of a Christmas outing from Australia, and descriptions of school life from Germany and England.

For the present the World Correspondent is not published regularly, and any who would like to know more about it should write to the 17-year-old editor, Lawrence Bugg, 822 West Calhoun Street, Macomb, Illinois.

PAY AND STILL OWE Astonishing American Debt Figures

We are glad that the Government has published the facts relating to the huge sums already paid to America in respect of War Debts.

The facts are taken from the United States official reports. Here are some of the figures in millions of dollars:

COUNTRY	LENT	REPAID	STILL OWING
U.K.	4277	2024	4368
France	3404	486	3863
Italy	1648	100	2004
Belgium	379	52	400

So these nations, after paying an enormous sum to America, owe her more than ever! So we, who have paid 2,024,800,000 dollars, still owe far more than we were lent.

Such are the uses of interest; such are the ways of this mad world.

JORROCKS IS HOME FROM THE WAR

We have written before about the horses who were left behind in Egypt after the war, and some of our readers have helped to bring them home to end their days in peace.

Jorrocks, who was at the International Horse Show at Olympia, was one of the latest to be rescued.

He was one of Lord Allenby's famous cavalry chargers, but he was sold in Cairo to be a cab horse, and for 16 years he worked hard in this way. He has come home to England to a well-earned retirement, and is living in ease at St Albans.

THE BLIND MAN'S GARDEN

A special garden is being prepared for blind gardeners in England.

The Garden Club for the Blind has secured land at Eltham, Kent, to be developed specially into vegetable gardens under the care of Mr William Groves, who lost his sight in the war.

LAND FOR IDLE MEN Switzerland's Allotments

We have 100,000 men working out their own salvation on allotments in England, and Switzerland is moving in the same direction.

At Essertines in the Swiss Juras a colony of young unemployed are busy in clearing a piece of land of thick forest undergrowth. Our men work independently for the most part, but these Swiss are working together for a common aim. The cleared ground is for a vineyard.

Most of the Swiss youths are those who have recently left school and have not been able to make a start in their proper life's work because of the world depression.

This accounts for the fact that they live in a kind of barracks, but the conditions are perfectly free and the atmosphere is cheerful. The wood obtained by clearing the ground is cut and split into logs and distributed among other unemployed in the towns. In the last three months over fifty tons of logs have been thus cleared and got rid of.

PLAYS FOR THE POOR

At the Mary Ward Settlement, one of the most enterprising communities in London, the workers are not content with a hundred and one social activities in making life more bearable for the poor of St Pancras.

Every week from September to June a group of first-rate amateurs produces a different play, and as the settlement runs four dramatic training classes there is never any difficulty in finding good casts for 30 productions a year.

People came from many parts of London to see the production of Androcles and the Lion, so much is the fame of the Tavistock Little Theatre spreading.

To show his high esteem of the players John Drinkwater has allowed them to perform his Midsummer Eve, which had never been played before, as a curtain raiser.

FAREWELL TO A GOVERNOR Australia's Sad Goodbye

The wonderful Goodbye said by South Australia to Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven is sufficient proof of their great popularity.

Sir Alexander has been Governor of South Australia for six years, years in which he and Lady Hore-Ruthven have worked hard and cheerfully in all worthwhile activities. There was a seven-day working week, for, as Mrs Daisy Bates writes to us, they were indefatigable in their desire to represent the King and the Empire worthily.

Certain it is that their keenness and devotion to South Australia have made them greatly beloved. When they left Adelaide special trains took crowds to have a last sight of the departing Governor; and children, Guides and Scouts, nurses, shop assistants, and office workers thronged the route, while the band played Will Ye No Come Back Again?

Near the harbour Lady Hore-Ruthven planted one tree and the Governor another, the last two of an avenue lining a drive which is to be named after them. Then, as the Strathaird moved slowly away from the wharf, the Salvation Army band played, voicing the wishes of all South Australia, "God be with you till we meet again."

SAILING 9 MILES AN HOUR

Mr J. S. Learmont, a retired master mariner, gives us some remarkable details of sailing-ship speeds.

In the four-masted barque Bengairn he once sailed from Melbourne to Callao in 42 days, at a speed of eight knots, equivalent to over nine miles an hour.

On long ocean voyages an average of six knots has been reached. The Brenhilda sailed from the Tyne to Valparaiso in 70 days at this rate.

It is not surprising, therefore, that sail held its own against steam until the eighteen-eighties.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 30

1934



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Plague on Both Your Houses

WHILE the Fascists merely ape Mussolini and the Communists only drone the Red Flag John Bull can tolerate both.

When they come to blows and he has to send the police in he begins to ask why he should put up with them. Free speech is a sacred right. A free fight is a public nuisance.

If it were tolerated it would be a public danger of the kind which always arises when people are allowed to take the law into their own hands. While street-corner politicians, Red or Black, are blowing off steam in fiery speech they are best left alone. When they come to fists, they are on the way to street riots which begin with bludgeons and do not end there.

That is how the honest citizen views the battles of these days between men in black shirts and men in no shirts. Most of us are not concerned with who is most to blame. The fact nobody can dispute is that at one recent meeting 700 police, who should have been on duty elsewhere, were not sufficient to keep order. To the public that is the most important thing about the struggle. Next to it is the question what these two forces of disorder are doing for the country?

The ordinary citizen is at first inclined to believe that the Reds are doing least. They are the people, like the poor, always with us, with a grievance against everybody. People with a grievance have often been those who were extremely necessary in removing a long-standing abuse. English political history is packed with examples, and John Bull may grudgingly admit that these objectors are as honest as others before them.

If he asks the same question about the Fascists he may have to grant that, though they do not seem of high intelligence, they are sincere in their conviction that they are a barrier against the destruction of the safety and welfare of the middle classes. But they can hardly deny that they are helping to foster the mean doctrine of class warfare.

It is time both these parties reconsidered themselves. If their purpose is to help their fellows they can do it only by helping their country. England prospers as a whole and suffers as a whole. In the long run no class can ever flourish continually at the expense of others. Fascist and Communist should take to heart the knowledge that the great and prosperous country is that where none is for Party but all are for the State.

Labour Free For a Great Work

Is it not a perfect scandal that a great country should have villages without a proper water supply?

There are houses miles away from one; there are houses with main water at the gate yet with none in the house owing to the cost of linking up. And there are millions of men who are doing nothing and being paid for doing nothing.

It would be a welcome sign of the return of the world to sanity if we could put some of these idle men to work on such things as supplying water to our waterless villages. It is one of the great public works which could easily be done with the army of unemployed, *with labour costing nothing*.

It is more than time that the nation tapped its great reservoir of energy, for which it pays, and which is easily available to a Government with ideas.

This Water

WATER, for the Briton in his dewy isle a usually unregarded thing, has suddenly become precious.

We are reminded of essential matters. Animal life began in water. We are mostly composed of it, as is the food we eat. Water is, therefore, our chief food, and the common distinction between food and drink is false.

Lucky we are to live in what is normally a well-watered land. The green of England is as precious as it is beautiful. Let the drought of 1934 remind us of facts and blessings too often thought misfortunes. The unnatural life of the townsman, so often seen carrying that appalling umbrella, who draws water from a tap and grumbles at the water-rate, leads him to detest the first essential of his own existence.

England, with all her clouds and streams and watersheds, has not water enough to waste. A bath a day could not be contrived for everyone.

The Children's Milk

THE milk surplus still exists in a land which, strange to say, drinks not nearly enough of this precious fluid.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., we are glad to see, again urges that the surplus could be readily disposed of by caring for the children and the mothers who need it.

She points out that the children at school are usually reckoned round about six millions. If to these were added some provision for the 165 days of the year when the schools do not meet, and for a substantial proportion of the three and a half million children not of school age and of poor nursing mothers, the whole surplus of milk, which has now risen to 15 million gallons, could be effectively disposed of. If we cannot give our villages water surely we can give our children our waste milk.

Independence

WE perish! cried the roses,
We perish from the drought.
Ah, save us! sighed the lilies,
We parch and perish too.
But groundsel, common
groundsel,
Oh, groundsel, he said nowt,
And he grew, how he grew!

THE rose is king of sweetness,
The lily's like a bride.
The groundsel has no fragrance,
No satin robes of pride,
And yet—he's somehow stalwart
And very English too:
When others failed and grumbled
He only grew and grew.

Tip-Cat

SCHOOL TEACHERS love repeating stories about their pupils. Telling tales out of school.

THE modern dancer is round-shouldered.
With dancing round.

A TUNE has been dedicated to the swallow. It should go down well.

OUR old men carry themselves better than our young men. When annoyed they are soon up in arms.

EVERYONE likes to be in the open air at the seaside. The tide goes out too.

MOST small boys adore ice-cream. It leaves others cold.

A VISITOR locked out of his hotel sat on the step and sang. Hoping to find the right key?

SOME women can cook but won't. These make men boil.

UNIVERSITY fees can be paid by instalments. Students get on by degrees.

SOMEONE recommends the tow-path to walkers. They can drag along.

A STREET musician had an apple tart thrown at him. No doubt he swallowed the insult.

A HEN in Germany has laid an egg with a flat end which would stand up. Exit the egg-cup.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OVER a million children have now had a holiday through the Country Holidays Fund.

A BLIND man has won the chess championship of Germany at Bremerhaven.

FIVE East Coast fishermen have received medals from the Lifeboat Institution for saving 1600 lives.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not about time the Government thought of accepting land as Death Duties?

The Handsomest in London Town

THE milkman's black pony who walked nearly into a shop looking for a lump of sugar has had to give place to his betters. His pretty reign is over; no king can live for ever.

In his place are two piebald ponies with bells on their collars who draw a toy van full of Shetland homespun.

Amid the groaning, grinding noises of the road one hears these quick, spanking little feet and looks round with a ready smile. The ponies are cunningly shod, never slip, are in excellent fettle, beautifully groomed. They toss their heads when the road lights turn 'red against them, and stand coyly, sidling a bit in the shafts as much as to say, "We know we are the most charming turnout in the town. Look quickly. We shall soon be gone."

It happened that the C.N. Country Girl saw these ponies for the first time in an unforgettable way. She had been obliged to take a taxi, and fate had decreed that there should show up a car with rounded front windows, lacquer and glass alike glittering, the only thing in it recognisable as belonging to a taxi being the speedometer.

The driver touched a knob and a door in the rounded front slid away somewhere behind him, leaving an inviting aperture that revealed a gleaming blue leather and silver interior.

"You're very grand for a taxi," said the Country Girl, hesitating.

"Oh, well, if you'd rather have a Noah's Ark, miss, there's one behind," said the man at the wheel, with a jerk of his thumb.

The Country Girl hopped in and the car purred gently away. She sank back on a well-sprung seat set at the perfect angle which gives you the illusion of having a pillow under your knees. There was a looking-glass for titivating and numerous gadgets she decided to leave alone, as the moment she touched one something happened to the glass behind the driver, and he at once threw one ear backward toward her.

She regretfully stopped the taxi at the corner of a West End square. "I've had a lovely drive," she said.

"This is one of the first hundred on the market," said the taximan proudly. "First real day out. A maiden voyage, as you might say."

"I am lucky to have been in her," said the Country Girl.

He smiled over her sixpence, and she was just going to ask a few questions about the car when some quick, spanking little feet were heard and two piebald ponies came joyfully round the square. They tossed their heads and stopped close by her.

"Nice little bit, that," said the taximan.

The Country Girl forgot all she was going to ask about new cars. She watched the ponies out of sight. When she turned the taxi had gone. She walked on quickly. Perhaps the ponies would stop again. A wonderful place, London!

FINE THINGS GO ON CANTERBURY FRIENDS AND THEIR GOOD DEEDS

The Warship's Bell and the Old Monk's Book

A WEEK OF FESTIVAL

Canterbury has friends all over the world; who is not its friend?

But though she has a worldwide host of friends with a little f she is proud particularly of her little host of Friends with a capital F. A few thousands of these subscribe small or big sums once a year to do something special for the mother cathedral of England. It is worth it, for it has been the heart of the very heart of England for a thousand years, and it is not to be believed that Canterbury Cathedral will not be standing in a thousand years to come.

Music and Drama

The Friends have been holding their annual festival, for every year they come together for a week of music and drama, when special services are held for them in the cathedral, a play is produced in the chapter house, and there are talks on all sorts of subjects.

One of the events this year has been the hanging in the cathedral of the bell of H.M.S. Canterbury, which is to be struck each day by some seafaring man. Sailors carried the bell into the nave to the music of a band of the Marines, and the First Lord of the Admiralty presented it to the Dean as a memorial to the living men who in great ships or little fishing boats work for us at sea in the ancient English way.

For Those at Sea

Every weekday morning the bell will be struck as a sign that the seafarers are kept in remembrance in the mother cathedral of our seafaring race; it will be struck at the same time as a page of the Book of Remembrance is turned over in the Warrior's Chapel close by. So at 11 o'clock every morning Canterbury will remember the men who did not come back.

But there are things that are happening at Canterbury in the name of the Friends all the time, and not only in their week of festival. Just now they are doing two good deeds at once for which the nation should be grateful, as the centuries certainly will. The Friends are now restoring the great cathedral gateway through which we come to see this marvellous spectacle of shining stone. We have been to look at it and found the gateway more beautiful than it has been in our own time. Still the work goes on and still the scaffolding is up, but the inner side is finished and the roof under which we pass, and it is thrilling to see the beauty in this gateway coming back again.

The Wonderful Cloisters

The other good deed of the Friends is just beginning and will be going on for years to come, for money comes in slowly and there is much to do. The Friends are setting out on no smaller task than the restoration of the cloisters. Who does not know them, with their marvellous roof and their hundreds of small bosses and shields?—800 and more in all, most of them crumbling away after centuries of our English weather.

It is no less a task than the saving of this splendid roof that the Friends have set themselves, and more and more Friends are wanted before the work can be carried far. We are delighted to know that the Dean and Chapter have arranged that the first bay of the roof shall be restored by the subscriptions of children and schools (for any school may become a Friend of Canterbury).

One more witness to the enthusiasm of the Friends we found in the cloisters, an enterprise the C.N. has already referred to—the reproduction of a facsimile of the Psalter written about 800 years ago by the monk Eadwine. It is one of the most interesting of the manu-

FARMER TWIGG DROPS AN EGG

FARMER TWIGG of Lincolnshire will probably avoid practical jokes for some time to come, for his last cost him £2 15s and the unenviable distinction of being the first man to be fined under the Air Navigation Act for dropping something out of an aeroplane.

The thing he dropped was an egg, and he meant it to fall on the local bowling-green as a surprise for the green-keeper. It was a bad egg and a bad joke.

It was also a bad shot, for the egg, carefully wrapped in newspaper, sailed gracefully down and landed, not on the bowling-green, but on the police station!

It was Farmer Twigg's turn to land next, an equally sad landing, for he

learned that an Order in Council enacts that "a person shall not drop or cause to be dropped from an aircraft any article except sand or water ballast or articles dropped by special permission of the Secretary of State."

Now we doubt if the Secretary of State would ever give permission for a bad egg to be dropped, and certainly Farmer Twigg had not consulted him, and so he was fined £2 and asked for 15s costs.

It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that when our motorists and cyclists and picnickers take to the air there is a law to forbid them throwing their litter out, with a maximum penalty of £200.

THE YOUNG KING AT CANTERBURY



There have been few finer performances by a young actor than the part played by Mr Peter Trevelyan as the rebellious son of Henry the Second in Mr Laurence Binyon's play in the chapter house at Canterbury, as mentioned on this page. Here the young king is seen with his friend Bertrand, worthily played by Mr Philip Hollingworth.

Continued from the previous column

scripts that have survived the centuries and is illustrated with an immense number of little drawings by this faithful monk, who was so proud of his work that, forgetting the spirit of anonymity which lay behind the work of all the monks, he put in his portrait and wrote round it that he, Eadwine, had done this thing; as if he should say to us "Look! is it not beautiful?" So it is, and the Friends are seeking subscribers who will spare five guineas each for a copy of this marvellous volume.

It was thrilling to find the enthusiasm the work of the Friends creates and the noble way in which they are entertained at Canterbury in their festival week. All the year round Miss Margaret Babington, the heart and soul of the Friends, sits in a little room by the ancient gateway making plans and carrying them out.

This year the great event of the festival, in addition to the services in the cathedral and the lectures in the chapter house (where it was delightful

to see hundreds of girls from Kent schools) was the production for the first time of a new play by Laurence Binyon, *The Young King*. We understand that the Dean, Dr Hewlett Johnson, read the play manuscript and was so impressed with it that Miss Eileen Thorndike was asked to produce it in the chapter house. She did so, and on every day of the festival week it was magnificently staged and nobly acted. We remember nothing on any London stage finer than Mr Peter Trevelyan's young king. Mr Binyon has made him a moving figure, and the poet must be proud of the actor's interpretation of the son swayed this way and that, first by love and then by anger. From the young king down to the young page, so beautiful in scarlet and gold, all was well and fair, and we hope that at least a few more C.N. friends will now become Friends of Canterbury, sending five shillings or ten shillings or a guinea as an offering once a year to the noblest shrine in the noblest country in the whole world.

AS GOOD AS THE FILMS

THE MAN WHO CROWDED THE TABERNACLE

The Days When Sermons Were Best Sellers

WONDERFUL SPURGEON

Men have just been remembering and celebrating the centenary of a man who filled a church as a popular film fills a cinema house, who reached an unseen congregation of millions long before the Wireless Age. He was Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Had he lived he would be 100 years this June.

The son of a minister, he preached his first sermon at 16; at 18 he was a Baptist pastor; at 20 he was offered a pulpit in London; and a few months later all London was talking of him.

His Own Great Tabernacle

No chapel could hold the throng which crowded to listen to his sermons; he filled the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, and in the end they built him his own great Tabernacle. It cost £31,000, and every penny had been subscribed when he had been preaching there a month.

Three times a week he preached, and nearly 7000 people pressed in every time to hear him. He spoke at the Crystal Palace at the time of the Indian Mutiny and 24,000 came to listen. But this was nothing to the size of his unseen congregation. He had the biggest unseen congregations before the days of wireless. Once a week a sermon of his was printed, till the sermons ran into thousands and their copies into a hundred millions, to find their way all over the world.

His Penny Sermons

For half a century a shop in Paternoster Buildings existed on the sale of these sermons at a penny each. They were reproduced in newspapers; they were translated into many languages. But when his publishers sent a boy late one night through a snowstorm to deliver the proofs of one of them he could spare the time to write asking them "please to blow somebody up for sending the poor little creature here late tonight in all this snow, with a parcel much heavier than he ought to carry," and then he added: "There was no need at all for it. Do lack somebody for me, so that it may not happen again."

Humour and homely speech forced home the fervour of his sermons. He was no actor carrying people on a wave of emotion, but a deep thinker whose printed word would send a man down on his knees. But his creed was that of the old Puritans, as narrow as the gate of heaven seemed to him.

"How is it," he once said to Dr Clifford, "that most broadminded of all preachers, 'that though you see me once a week I cannot make you see as I do?'"

"I listen to you once a week," said Dr Clifford, "but I read the Bible every day."

Coalheaver and Duchess

Yet Spurgeon's sermons were not bought only by Nonconformists. High Churchmen and Low, Roman Catholic and Evangelical, read them, sure that no sermons they could preach were as rich in thought as these. The city man and the shop assistant, the coalheaver and the duchess, bought his penny sermons as now they buy their penny papers; and just as the crowd waits outside the cinema today so they would wait outside Spurgeon's Tabernacle at the end of last century.

On his tomb at Norwood it is said that he "being dead, yet speaketh." For years that was true; and still his sermons are read, and there are many to say that none are finer yet. But his influence has died down like the lull after a great storm, and we are left wondering at the power of this man.

SPOILING OUR GOOD NAME

RUBBISHY METAL GOODS

Too Many Poor Fastenings in Our Cheap Houses

C.N. CRITIC ANSWERED

An ironmonger writes to us to say that our criticisms of certain metal goods in the C.N. of May 19 were too severe. The fact is that they erred on the side of moderation.

For example, we spoke only of the poor finish of certain enamelled ware. It is far more serious that such ware has been made of poisonous materials. The Ministry of Health has sent out a warning saying that a score of hospital nurses were poisoned by British enamelled ware. This poisonous ware, too, was labelled with a British guarantee! It is incredible, but true!

Made For Housing Schemes

Then as to house fastenings. Our correspondent thinks we refer to goods sold by certain chain stores. Not at all. We refer to rubbishy locks and fastenings (not imported ones) specially made for housing schemes which exist today in hundreds of thousands of houses. They are bought wholesale. We can show our correspondent houses priced at over £1000 each where every fastening is a piece of rubbish.

So with wire-cutters which wound the hands; these are ordinary shop goods. So with wire staples; these are often made with unequal legs, so that they are difficult to hammer in. A complaint about them, and about the non-crating of expensive small-mesh wire-netting, was sent to the association of the trade and brought no reply.

Another thing not mentioned in our article was the manufacture of rubbishy fireirons so flimsy in make, so starved of metal, that they are mere toys. Yet metal is very cheap. There is no excuse for degrading the name of British manufacture by producing such goods.

A Monstrous Example

We name a final and really monstrous example. The modern cheap house is made with hollow or cavity walls. These consist of two skins; often the outer is 4½-inch brick and the inner a mere sheet of thin slabs made of coke-breeze and cement. It is important that these two walls should be strongly tied together by what are called wall-ties, but hundreds of thousands of new houses have their flimsy walls tied with bits of iron three-sixteenths of an inch thick, not always galvanised!

It takes only a cwt. of ties to tie a small cavity wall house, but it is thought too much to spend 20s on it. Yet 20s commands a cwt. of really strong well-galvanised ties; we know that a builder who wanted them had to order them specially.

A whole copy of the C.N. could be filled with similar stories, and it is high time for plain speech on the subject.

BARGE HERO

A barge seldom gets into the news; he does his job quietly and goes his way. But the other night a bargeman of 24 named Albert Taylor plunged into the news.

He was asleep in his bunk aboard a barge in Leeds canal basin when he heard a cry. A woman had fallen into the canal. It was quite dark, but Taylor dived 16 feet into the inky water, found the woman, and got her to the side.

It used to be the fashion to talk about bargemen as if the most striking thing about them was their language, but times have changed. We shall think of Taylor's heroic dive into the dark, and not of slanging matches, the next time we see a bargee.

One Man Left of a Thousand

The Last But One Joins Garibaldi

GARIBALDI's thousand men were one of the gallant hosts of history. Now there is only one man left.

The last but one, Francesco Grandi, has gone to join his old leader.

The old patriot was 93 when he died the other day at Sorrento. It is nearly 80 years since he, a boy of 16 burning with enthusiasm, joined in the battle for Italian freedom and sailed with Garibaldi to Marsala.

The tale he had to tell Young Italy of that heroic adventure is one of the great epics of the world. We think that none could have listened to it from his lips without a thrill at the thought that this venerable and gentle teacher of sculpture had taken part in it.

Garibaldi's One Idea

One idea in life inspired Garibaldi, that of uniting Italy, which, when he was a young man, was a country of disunited provinces with French dukes as princes of Piedmont and kings of Sardinia. Garibaldi's first attempt to disrupt this unnatural union began when he entered the Navy of these two provinces. He was proclaimed a bandit for his pains and found himself sentenced to death in 1834 by the King of Sardinia. Fifteen years afterwards he was to return with the key of liberty in his hands, to offer it to the king who had sentenced him.

Those 15 years were packed with glorious life. Like many another Italian he had to flee his country, and as an exile he sharpened his sword in service with South American republics. He took service with small Powers against tyrants, winning renown on land and sea. He beat big squadrons with small ones, he led forlorn hopes with success. Humane and chivalrous, he refused to sack a city or to slay a prisoner in lands where such deeds were the common accompaniment of fighting that had no rules and no remorse. He was taken prisoner and placed on the rack. He escaped and wandered in tropical forests. His successes and his escapes made him almost a legend, a legend in which he figured as the knight without fear and without reproach.

During these years Garibaldi had gathered about him a small legion of Italians who, while they fought the good fight against tyranny, were inspired by him with the hope of some day striking a blow for their own country. The day came in 1848, when a wave of revolution against unworthy kings swept through Europe. With 85 companions and two small guns Garibaldi sailed for Italy on as desperately brave a mission as ever man undertook.

A Nineteenth-Century Pharaoh

His fame had gone before him, and his birthplace, Nice, rapturously welcomed him. But the King of Sardinia, a 19th-century Pharaoh, received him coldly, and his comrades and himself found places in the Lombard army, then fighting to shake off the Austrian yoke, only with difficulty. The Lombard army was shattered, and the Sardinian King, who had offered help, hastily concluded peace with Austria. Garibaldi's retort was to declare the king traitor, and to add that the war of the people must now begin.

Never was there a more forlorn hope. Garibaldi's own little band had fought their way out from the stricken field, and, continually harried, could hardly keep in being. But they melted away only to come together again, and when Rome, rising against the Pope, declared itself a republic, Garibaldi's men sped there to defend her against the forces of Naples and against an army sent by Napoleon the Third from France. The Neapolitans were defeated, but the French artillery was too much for the ill-armed forces led by Garibaldi, and another flight became imperative.

The fugitives (Garibaldi, his brave wife Anita, who rode with him through

his campaigns, and an English Colonel Forbes, with a few hundred volunteers) took to the mountains, pursued by a large body of troops. They suffered a surprise attack while Garibaldi was away, and the half-starving force faded away. Garibaldi, returning, dismissed all but a remnant, who accompanied him to the coast.

There they set out in small boats for Venice, then being held by another determined Italian fighter, Manin, against the Austrians. Moonlight betrayed the little flotilla as it approached the Queen of the Adriatic, and Austrian guns captured or sank all but four of the boats. Garibaldi, taking with him his devoted wife, once again escaped. His wife died shortly after reaching a village near Ravenna. It was the hero's darkest hour.

We can guess with what aching heart he wandered from place to place. A hunted criminal, with a price on his head, Piedmont dared not shelter him, Italy was no longer his home. All his hopes for her were in the dust. He sought America again, and, in poverty, worked for a candle-maker. Freedom for his Italy must have seemed far off, but he yearned for that beloved country, and at last was able to return to the island of Caprera. There, a peaceful farmer, he lived for opportunity.

The Turning-Point

At last the hour struck. It was in 1860, when the people of Sicily steeled themselves to throw off the detested rule of the Bourbon King of Naples. They called Garibaldi to their aid. He was too astute to believe in an Italian republic, and he realised that unity could come to Italy only under the rule of a Sardinian prince whom he meant to make king of all Italy. So he raised the banner for freedom in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

The turning-point of his life had come. At Genoa he formed the legion of Garibaldi's Thousand Heroes. They came to him from all parts, most of them workmen, though every sort and condition was there, and Francesco Grandi and his father were among them. They sailed in two small steamers, without the favour of royal countenance, which was cautiously withheld from them, and they took the sea banned as pirates.

Fortune favoured the brave, and it favoured them, for two Neapolitan warships steamed out of the harbour of Marsala just before the raiders steamed in, and twenty thousand armed men had been sent to another part of the island.

So far so good, but the work was yet to do. Garibaldi had to attack fortified cities with his Thousand, little ammunition, and the worst of muskets. His faith moved mountains, and put the armies in them to flight. But the strong place of Palermo seemed a hopeless obstacle. He reached it by a miracle of daring, and his men fought their way in by the only undefended gate. Troops in the city outnumbered his forces by twenty to one. There were bombarding ships in the harbour, but Garibaldi's heroes fought on. Such was their leader's resolution, and such the magic of his personality, that at last Palermo was surrendered to him.

It was one of the astounding triumphs of history. In three months all Sicily was free, and volunteers poured in by thousands to aid the conqueror.

The rest of the tale is not that of the Thousand, but of the multitudes who swarmed to join them, and of great Garibaldi who led them to the capital of Naples without a blow. He proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, then took a bag of corn and a handful of money, and returned to his farm on Caprera. He might have been king, but he thought his work was done. History had other views, and he was called to other tasks in moulding it, but here we may leave him, satisfied to the core of his deep heart in having led the Thousand to victory and Italy to unity.

GERMANS IN A FRENCH FARMHOUSE

Workers in the Valley of the Bees

FRIENDSHIP BETTER THAN POLITICS

At the beginning of this year the C.N. told of French Friends holding out the right hand of fellowship to German refugees in Paris by providing them with sleeping room, meals, and training classes.

Such help could, of course, only be in the nature of temporary relief, but now some of the refugees are being helped to start their lives afresh.

A little farmhouse was found in the Valley of the Bees, high up in the Pyrenees, and a small group of Germans are making their new home there. It was March when they moved in, and they had to repair their somewhat ruined house and plough the neglected land. They are husband and wife with a little girl, and two other men. One is a carpenter who had nearly starved in Paris and one was born to a farm life. He knew no French when he arrived, but he and the peasants of the French village near by are already great friends.

Neighbourly Help

The French mayor helped the party to buy their goats cheaply, and neighbourly help is still pouring in. Now their crops are coming through, for vegetables and corn were planted before they started to make any furniture except beds. There is a good market for farm produce, so the future looks full of hope.

Friendship, greater than race or politics, has given to these Germans the opportunity to earn their living, and to be friends with their neighbours, privileges of which politics deprived them and others like them, some of whom it is hoped to help in a similar way.

OUTWARD BOUND

The Eskimo Dogs Break Their Journey

From Greenland's icy mountains have come 60 Eskimo dogs, landing on England's sunny strand by special permission. They are bound for the Antarctic in the autumn, part of the British Graham Land Expedition which is going to explore unknown areas.

The leader, Mr John Rymill, has secret hopes that he will penetrate beyond the Weddell Sea, where the real unknown Antarctic lies. He also hopes to find a sledge route in Graham Land which may help him in his exploration. That is where the huskies will come in.

By that time they will be so worn out with novelties and idleness that they will welcome a bit of hard work. They will have crossed from Greenland to Thurso, had the excitement of landing and going by train into England; then they will out across the wide oceans to the other end of the world. They will not feel at home till they hear pack ice grinding and bury themselves in snowdrifts to sleep warm.

Seven or nine will be harnessed to a team, with the cleverest for leader. All the energy accumulated in the voyage will be useful then. The huskies come of a stout tradition and know what work is. Their breed has supplied many a Polar expedition, which is another way of saying they have saved scores of human lives.

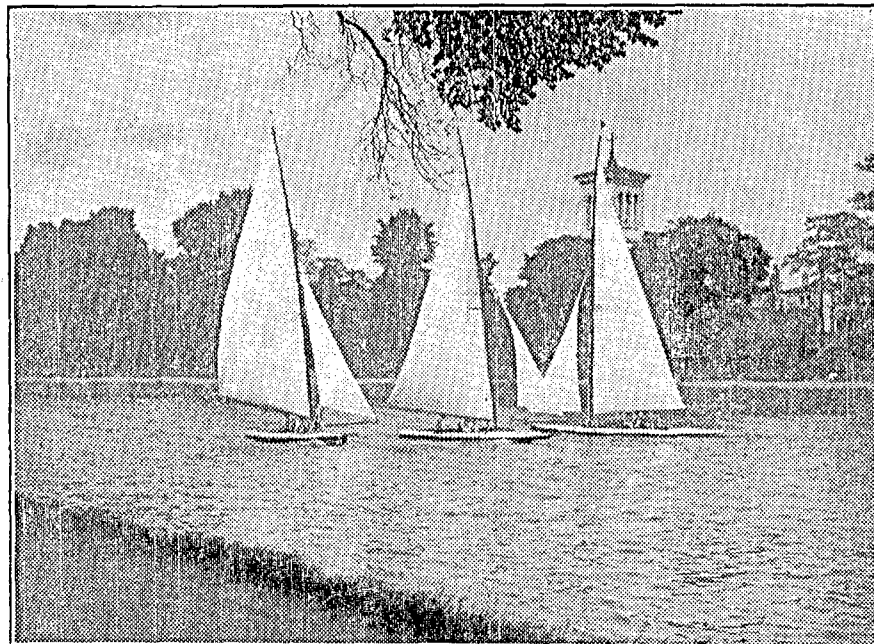
ANOTHER CHINA TREE

Our mention of the China Tree in bloom at Lymington has brought us news that another specimen of this beautiful tree has made itself at home much farther north in England. It is in the gardens of Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire, where it has been flowering for years.

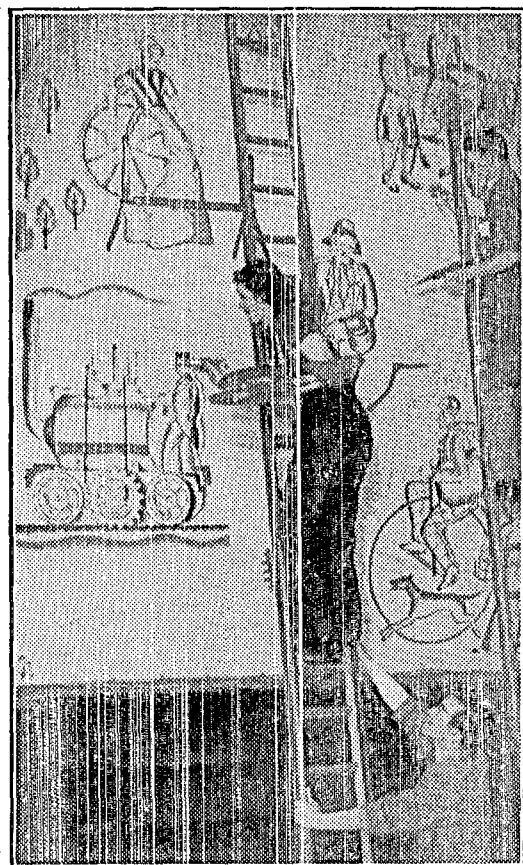
DECORATING A LIBRARY · HAYMAKING · OLD MAST'S NEW HOME



Cutting Hay at Scarborough—In this dry summer it has been quite easy to carry out the proverbial injunction to make hay while the Sun shines.



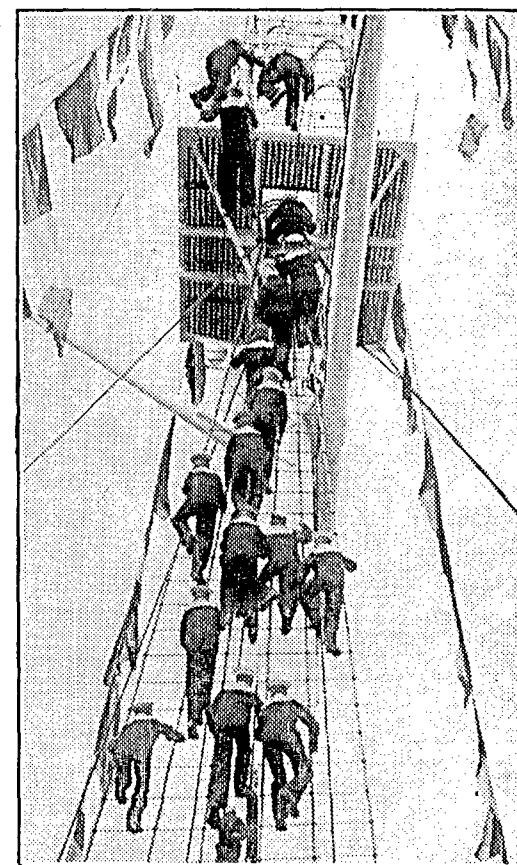
At Kingston—Sailing on the Thames is often a test of the yachtsman's skill, for buildings and trees on the banks are the cause of unexpected wind currents.



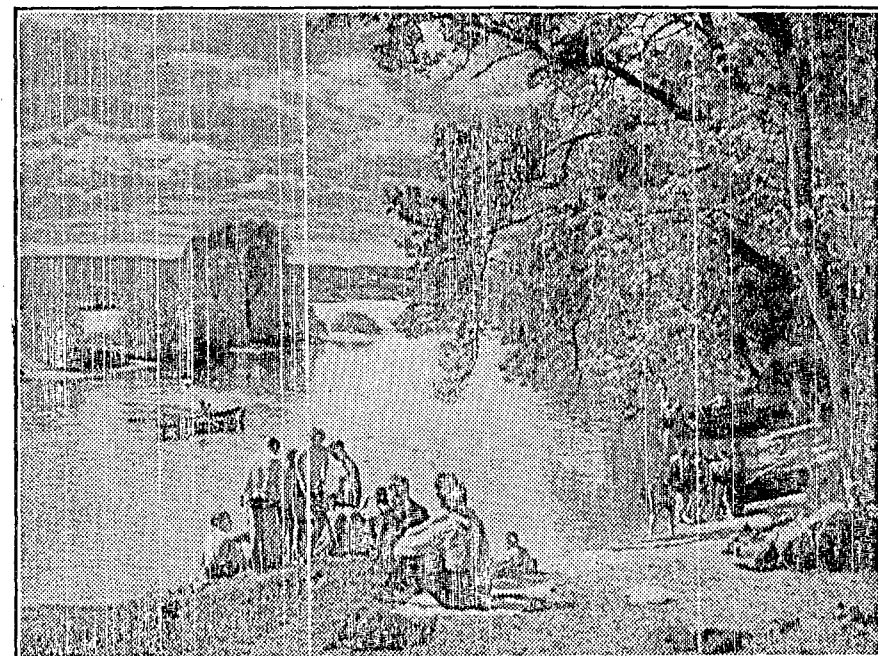
The Library Walls—Students of the Leeds College of Art painting mural decorations for the junior section of the new extension of the Central Library.



The Big Drummer—An important member of the band at the Barnardo model village homes at Barking in Essex.



New Home For an Old Mast—A mast of the old *Arethusa* has been set up at the Barnardo Naval School at North Elham in Norfolk, where 300 boys are being trained.



Bathing in the Tay—A beautiful reach of the River Tay, which is very popular just now with swimmers, is shown in this picture taken near Perth.



Oxford Players—A performance of *Richard the Third* in the cloisters of Christ Church. It was produced for the University Dramatic Society by Miss Leontine Sagan.

NINETY AND NOT OUT

THE STORY OF A NOBLE FIGHT

What an Earl's Son Did For Poor Children

TWOPENCE A LIFE

Ninety Not Out. By David Williamson. Hodder and Stoughton. 6d.

Twopence for a Life is certainly cheap, and that is what Mr Williamson's book works out at, for it includes not only the 90 years of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, but short Lives of Lord Shaftesbury, its first President, and of Sir John Kirk, the Secretary who carried on his work so nobly.

This book traces the grain of human kindness and sympathy which led to the establishment of most of the agencies now caring for neglected children and itself grew to a great branching organisation on which thousands of children rely each year for their happiness and health.

A Memorable Union

The Victorian Era was only seven years old when the Ragged School Union was founded by Samuel Storey and three friends, whose idea was to form the four London Ragged Schools and the 16 Sunday Schools already started by private charity into a Union, and so strengthen the movement for educating and caring for the children who, hungry and wretched, saw only one way out of their misery, a way which led most of them to prison. In one prison alone one out of every ten prisoners was a child under 14. Of the children in one of the first Ragged Schools 27 had been in prison, 41 lived by begging, 36 had run away from home, 17 were barefoot.

There was a fine young fellow in Parliament at that time, Antony Ashley Cooper, son of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury. He was already working to better the fearful condition of the poor, and was overjoyed to see in a paper a small advertisement telling of the foundation of the Ragged School Union and asking for sympathy and help. The one man in England who could best give both answered the advertisement, and that day saw the linking of the name of Shaftesbury with that of the Ragged School Union.

Early Struggles

Within three years the Union had 44 schools and nearly 5000 children of the very poor in its care, and the idea had spread through England, across the Channel to France, and over the Atlantic to America.

Workers the movement never lacked; children swarmed to it so that policemen had to be posted outside some schools to regulate the number; but money was slower in coming. Mr Williamson's book takes us through the early struggles; tells of those who have helped throughout the 90 years, and of those who are helping today; of the first holiday home, the first school for cripples; of the day in 1908 when 3000 children of the Shaftesbury Society sang in St Paul's Cathedral There's a Friend for Little Children, and so moved the author of the hymn, Albert Midlane, who was listening, that he added two verses for the Society.

An Excellent Little Study

We learn with delight and surprise that the Canadians of Hamilton in Ontario have for the last 21 years paid for the Society's Children's Banquet at the Guildhall in London.

The account of Lord Shaftesbury, whose name was added to the Union's title in 1894 in memory of his great work as its first President, is an excellent little study of the man whose first speech in Parliament was for the reform of asylums, and who made his last public appearance at a great humanitarian meeting in the Guildhall, when

THE VOICE OF THE MILLION

Can the Senate Be Moved?

"A million signatures wanted," says the League of Nations Association in America, and it seems likely that they will get what they want—so likely, in fact, that Mr Hearst, proprietor of a mighty but reactionary and dangerous chain of newspapers, has started a counter campaign.

The petition asks the United States to "reinforce the League's contribution to peace by stating the terms under which full membership would be possible," and urges that, in the meantime, an official diplomatic representative be appointed to participate in the League's deliberations.

There are four reasons for this. They want to avoid war and to organise peace in which prosperity can thrive; they believe collective action by the world can best prevent war; they realise that the United States is already taking part in many of the League's activities; and they believe that by her absence from the League she weakens the moral integrity of the world community.

Why Bring This Up Now?

Why bring this up now? many ask. Mr Raymond Fosdick answers:

Because the world is in a grave situation. A train of powder is being laid that may lead to catastrophe.

Because war hysteria grows as the influence of the League of Nations wanes.

Because, although pulling together may be difficult, it is the only way of avoiding disaster, and the beginning already made at Geneva ought to be strengthened, not scrapped.

Because, although the United States has refused to join the League, it is high time she said what sort of a League she would join.

Because Mr Roosevelt's Government has been more helpful at Geneva than any which preceded it.

This petition is an effort to help the Government to walk more boldly on the right path. The idea of the League of Nations has never failed us; but that idea has not yet found full expression. So far we have had only a League of Some Nations. That has been partly America's fault.

We believe all the criticism and turmoil about the League will in the end help to create a better and more complete Union of Nations, a more perfect instrument for the colossal but delicate task of organising a friendly world.

THE DEPRESSION BILL

An estimate has been made in America of the total cost to the American people of the three-years depression beginning in 1930.

The National Industrial Conference Board has based its calculations on the income level of 1929, and has published a statement that the cost has been £22,000,000,000, two-thirds of which has been lost by investors and business firms and one-third by employees.

Continued from the previous column

flower-girls strewed their flowers before him, and costermongers decorated their barrows and drove their donkeys from the East End to do him honour.

There follows the life-story of Sir John Kirk, who was Secretary to the Union under Lord Shaftesbury and continued to serve the Society till he died in 1922. He it was who instituted the Shaftesbury Lectures, delivering the first himself and asking the Editor of the C.N. to give the second. The quotation Mr Williamson prints from Arthur Mee's lecture is a plea that England should pull down her slums and play in peace as fine a part as she played in four years of war. That was 16 years ago, and still his cry echoes on slow cars.

FACE THE DANGER

And Walk Left

We make no apology for reprinting this in these days when all our lives are in danger on the roads.

It is good to know that there is a growing feeling everywhere in favour of the simple rule the C.N. has always advocated of *walking on the left*.

Everywhere the traffic problem is discussed as if it were a problem of the road alone; but the truth is that nothing would save more time in the streets of our cities than the application of the rule of the road to the pavement. *We should walk to the left as we drive to the left.*

The universal rule of safety in whatever situation we find ourselves in life is to *face the danger*. It is so obvious that it needs no emphasis. The danger we see in time may be avoided or overcome; the danger that comes to us from behind will probably be too much for us.

Pavement Discipline

Could anything be more ridiculous than the confusion seen every hour of the day on the pavements of our streets? Life would not be possible for an hour if the same confusion existed on the roads. We jostle each other and spend half our time in getting out of one another's way. It would take us twice as long to walk through the Strand on Monday morning as on Sunday morning. Why is it that the hundreds of thousands of people for ever walking about London are always colliding with each other, wasting one another's time, hindering one another's lawful business?

It is because no attempt has ever been made to discipline the pavement as the road is disciplined.

It is absurd to say that it cannot or need not be done. The need for it is plain to all who have eyes to see. The case with which it could be done is equally plain. There is nothing in the argument about looking in the shops. Those who stand looking in the shop windows stand at the windows, and it is easy to nip through the stream of walking people anywhere.

Save Time and Be Safe

What should be done is that a line should be left for window-gazers, and the rest of the pavement should be left for people walking up and down, and all these people should *walk left*.

The result of this would be that those who loiter on the pavement would be free to loiter, while those who wish to get along would be free to get along. And always those nearest the kerb would be facing the traffic. There would be no risk of their stepping into the roadway and being knocked down from behind. If we walk on the left of the pavement we are facing the traffic which is coming on the left of the road. It is the easiest rule in the world to keep, and it is the safest. We are facing the danger all the time.

We have so far been speaking of roads which have pavements, but unfortunately there are thousands of miles of country roads that have no pavements, and here the rule is not simple; but it is perfectly plain if the idea of facing the danger is kept in mind.

On the Country Road

The rule on a country road that has no pavement should be to *walk to the right and face the danger*. Always facing the danger is safest and best. It is better for the walkers and better for the motorists. Each sees the other.

Walking on the left of a country road we have no sight of the approaching danger behind us, and may suddenly be startled into stepping the wrong way. The motorist coming up behind is not sure if we know of his approach or of what we shall do, whereas a motorist approaching walkers face to face knows that they must see him.

We must see the danger coming on and not expose ourselves to be surprised by danger behind. *No traffic can take us unawares if we walk facing it.*

ITALY'S GUILDS

How They Work

BRINGING TRADES UP TO DATE

There is much interest in the working of the Italian Guilds, but little authentic information is published here about them.

The Ministry of Guilds exercises a real coordinating and regulating power in the general interest of the community.

The question of opening new industrial plants is referred to a special Commission on which the trades concerned are represented. This Commission in March considered 57 applications; 27 were approved and 17 rejected, and for 10 a supplementary inquiry was ordered.

This Commission judges whether the proposals submitted for enlarging industrial equipment are in keeping with actual market conditions and requirements. Permission is only refused when inquiry shows there is no need of modifying existing plants, the purpose being to safeguard the public interest, not to protect existing business concerns.

If the equipment of a given industry is old-fashioned the decision of the Commission is guided by the general interest so that industries may be equipped on up-to-date lines.

In certain branches of industry the opening of new plants is essential to progress whenever technical improvements suggest the introduction of new processes or allow of the manufacture of new products.

THE HORSE'S CHANCE

Something Good For It From the Great Depression

It's an ill wind that blows no good, the proverb says, and it is hard to believe that the Depression which is now showing signs of leaving the world could have been good to anybody or anything.

However, it managed to do a good turn for Man's oldest friend the horse in the lands where, more than any other, mechanical developments threatened its very existence. In the United States and Canada the tractor had for many years been ousting the horse from farms. Then came the Depression.

Farmers were forced to accept prices which were often below the cost of production of their crops, and often they could not dispose of their stocks at any price. At the same time, if they were not to give up altogether (for surely the Depression could not last for ever?), the work of the farms must go on.

Tractors need petrol and oil, and both cost money. But there was no money to spare.

Horses need grain and fodder, and most farmers had more of both than they wanted.

That was the horse's chance, and the farmers did the rest!

MULTIPLY THE TELEPHONES BY TEN

Let Them Be Cheap

The C.N. has always maintained that the telephone is one of the dearest things in England.

While we congratulate the Postmaster-General on cheapening it, we are at a loss to know why such a desirable step was not taken long ago.

Even now the Post Office asks, for a residential line service, a rent of £5 4s a year in London and from £4 to £4 12s in the provinces, while the business man's rent is £7 12s in London and from £6 8s to £7 in the provinces.

All this means that we are still far behind Sweden in telephone enterprise.

The telephone rent should be purely nominal, to encourage all to come in. We would suggest perhaps sixpence or a shilling a week. We have at least five million potential subscribers, whereas we have only half a million actual ones. We should increase them by ten to one.

THE MIDSUMMER SUN HOW IT HIDES THE STARS

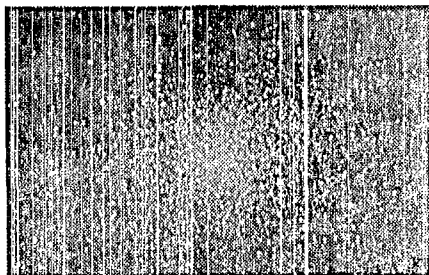
Where the Heavens Would
Appear More Glorious
MARVELS OF MESSIER 13

By the C.N. Astronomer

Since January 2, when the Sun was at his nearest to us and 91,340,000 miles away, the apparent diameter of his face has been diminishing; and on Thursday, July 5, he will be at his greatest distance, about 94,452,000 miles.

The reduction in light and heat which the Earth as a whole now receives from the Sun is much more than made good in our northern latitudes by the fact that the Sun is about twice the length of time above our horizon at midsummer than in midwinter.

So much does the Sun predominate in the sky just now that only the



The star cluster Messier 13 in Hercules

brighter of the other stars are perceptible to the eye at night, including but three or four members of our solar cluster. This cluster was described in last week's C.N. as being composed of comparatively few stars, but, as can be seen from the accompanying photograph, there are star-clusters of a very different kind and on a far grander scale in existence.

This particular cluster is faintly perceptible to the naked eye as a hazy spot of light when the nights are quite dark and clear. At present field or opera-glasses are a great help, but the observer must know just where to look.

Late in the evening this cluster is almost overhead in the constellation of Hercules, which was described in the C.N. for May 12 last. On the star-map accompanying that article its position was indicated by M.13, its number in the Catalogue of Messier.

A telescope of at least 6 inches aperture is required to see only the brightest of these stars scintillating in hundreds around the luminous centre. Observed through instruments of higher powers the scene is glorious—thousands of sparkling suns standing out against the luminous "background" of thousands more which are individually indistinguishable. Altogether at least 50,000 can be calculated, and since suns no larger than ours would be invisible at that distance the total number must therefore be far above 100,000.

Millions of Other Worlds

As the approximate distance is known to be about 35,000 light-years, or 2,215,150,000 times farther than our Sun, it would appear that a ray of light would take between 100 and 120 years to travel from a sun on one side of the cluster to a sun on the other.

Thus, although vast distances must separate the individual suns, they would average less than one-tenth the distance that Sirius, one of the nearest of our suns, is from us. Therefore, in a corresponding cube of space, there must be on an average in that glorious cluster something like 100 suns where there is but one in our region of the Universe.

So, while they would be less than one-tenth the distance of Sirius from us and many would be very much larger suns, it is easy to imagine how superb and glorious the heavens would appear to us were our tiny world transported to that radiant region where doubtless millions of other worlds are being evolved.

G.F.M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

The Death of
Mrs Browning

JUNE 30

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who died at Florence June 30, 1861, will be remembered especially for *The Cry of the Children*, an appeal for the child slaves which stirred the nation deeply, and for her *Casa Guidi Windows*, an impassioned plea for Italian freedom.

THE white-rose garland at her feet,
The crown of laurel at her head,
Her noble life on Earth complete,
Lay her in the last low bed
For the slumber calm and deep:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Soldiers find their fittest grave
In the field whereon they died;
So her spirit, pure and brave,
Leaves the clay it glorified
To the land for which she fought
With such grand impassioned thought.

Keats and Shelley sleep at Rome,
She in well-loved Tuscan earth;
Finding all their death's long home
Far from their old home of birth.
Italy, you hold in trust,
Very sacred English dust.

James Thomson

MEXICO TO HAVE HER SIX-YEAR PLAN

Russia takes her steps forward not in Seven League Boots but in Five-Year Plans, and every now and then she grows impatient and begins to cry, "Five Years in Four."

Most of the reports that have reached England convince us that Russia is pressing the pace too fast.

Mexico intends to profit by Russia's example, and the plan of national regeneration which she will launch next December requires six years of hard work.

The scheme drafted by President Rodriguez calls for the ownership of the land by those who till it; a "strong advance on the educational front," as the Russians would say, with a view to seeing every Mexican child in school; the building of good roads; and the bringing of water to a fertile but arid land by vast irrigation projects.

As Mexico's people are largely agricultural the plans to render their farms fruitful, accessible, and possessable, and to put education within the reach of all, should go far toward remoulding the country "nearer to the heart's desire" for the vast majority of her citizens.

SO THE WORLD GOES ROUND

We have just heard this fine story of a South London woman who out of her little is doing much.

Her husband has been out of work three years. It was getting difficult not to feel depressed sometimes, so she began to look round for someone else's trouble to share.

Not far from her she found a family with six children, none earning any money, where the father had been unemployed for so long that his pay had ceased. Instead of this he was getting relief, and because that was slightly more than the unemployment pay their milk allowance for the baby had been stopped. With 20s a week to provide everything for the eight of them, after rent had been paid, the baby had to be fed on tinned milk at a few pence a tin.

The neighbour has now given her milkman instructions to leave a pint of milk every day for this hard-hit family. What sacrifice that will entail for her we do not know, but in making friends with people whom misfortune has made suspicious of the whole world we fancy she has found the way to lighten her own trouble.

SEA-EAGLE'S DASH FOR FREEDOM

KEEPER'S SUCCESSFUL
RUSE

One Snake Swallows Another
in the Night

A REMARKABLE TRAGEDY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again an inmate of the Zoo has enjoyed a short holiday from captivity, for a sea-eagle from Portuguese East Africa managed to escape from his cage.

This bird is never amiable but he is usually more sullen than aggressive, and the keepers have had no trouble in going into his cage. But one morning as the keeper was entering the sea-eagle's cage the bird suddenly swooped down and began to claw him. The man managed to beat off the bird, but before he had time to remember the open door the eagle made a dash for freedom and flew toward Regent's Park.

Had he been a new arrival it is doubtful if he would ever again have been seen in a cage at the Zoo. The fugitive, however, had been in captivity since 1927. During all these years he had never once had a chance to make use of his powerful wings and so was out of condition.

The Recapture

He flew some hundred yards away and perched on a tree. A keeper then tied a piece of fish—the eagle's favourite food—to a long string and threw it toward the bird. As the bird flew down to the fish the man pulled the string and brought the food nearer to him. The eagle followed the bait and was recaptured as he was eating the fish.

Another Zoo creature who has been drawing attention to himself is a Malayan black-and-gold snake. This snake established a record by swallowing a cat-snake (a semi-poisonous reptile also from Malaya) which was more than twice his own length.

At feeding-time if two snakes decide to eat the same dead rat or chicken it is usual for the larger specimen to get a hold on the head of the smaller reptile and to proceed to swallow until the keeper intervenes and pulls the weaker competitor back to safety.

In this case, however, there was no question of an argument over food, and although the cat-snake was slimmer than the Malayan black-and-gold snake he was nearly 12 feet long while the black-and-gold reptile measured between four and four and a half feet long.

The Disappearance

The Zoo has frequently placed cat-snakes and black-and-gold snakes in the same den and all has been peaceful, but this time one cat-snake was sharing a home with several black-and-gold snakes which had been sent to the Zoo as food for the hamadryads, or king cobras.

One of the black-and-gold snakes had spent several days in the hamadryads den, but as they were not disposed to feed he was given a respite and returned to the den occupied by his relatives.

The following morning the keepers found that the cat-snake had disappeared, and a number of ominous bulges in the body of the black-and-gold snake showed what had happened.

RETIRED AT 89

Many a boy will be sorry to hear that Sergeant-Major James Burling is dead.

He used to be drill instructor at Reading Bluecoat School, but he retired six months ago. Only six months ago, and he has died at 90.

We could wish all our readers such a hale old age as his and a job they love well enough to keep so long.

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

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WIMBLEDON AGAIN

Nations Meet on the Tennis Court

THE PLAYERS AND THE CHANCES

The All England Lawn Tennis Club has again opened its gates (new iron ones presented by the relations of the Dohertys, the English champions of the past) to all the champions of the world.

The history of lawn tennis has been romantic. Founded little over fifty years ago it is pursued by all nationalities, and in this country from its small beginnings the game has grown so that 20,000 witness the game on one court. East and West meet on the same lawn, while untold numbers can listen-in to the B.B.C.'s running commentary.

Crawford's Win For Australia

Last year people in Australia were cheering their champion at the same time that the gallery round the Centre Court was applauding Crawford's triumph. The final set came through direct from Wimbledon at 4 in the morning. Crawford's mother was in the studio. She could follow her son's play over the air. When the winning stroke had been made those present in the studio sang for he's a Jolly Good Fellow. Crawford had won the blue riband of the lawn again for Australia, and his mother went quietly to the microphone and told everybody what a proud woman she was.

And who will win this year? Which country will echo the applause of the Wimbledon gallery? Will it be the thousands who will be listening-in in England? It may be.

Twenty-five nations are represented on the courts. Some are familiar to the English environment, some are strange. Not the least intriguing competitors are the invaders from Japan. Three of Japan's team are visiting Europe for the first time. They are university students, all under 23. They were good enough to beat the Japanese players who returned after touring in Europe last year. Jiro Fujikura, the youngest member, has all the attributes of a champion—a fluent style, a quick wit, and nimble footwork.

Some Overseas Competitors

America is making a strong bid for the title. She has sent over a past holder of the championship in S. B. Wood; Frank Shields, a finalist in 1931, G. M. Lott, and L. R. Stofen are with him. France relies principally on C. Boussus, who, since the retirement of Borotra from singles and the turning of Cochet to professionalism, has carried on the glory of France on the courts. Germany has a strong claimant in G. Von Cramm, the holder of the French championship. Czechoslovakia has R. Menzel and L. Hecht, who represent the great development of the game in Czechoslovakia. Italy is represented by G. de Stefani, a player who uses two hands. Spain has her entry, and so has Poland. The Australian team is headed by Jack Crawford, the champion. South Africa has V. G. Kirby and New Zealand Andrews, Malfroy, and Stedman.

The Ladies

And what of the ladies? English hopes before the Wightman Cup were Miss Round and Miss Scriven. America is represented by Miss Jacobs, Miss Palfrey, Miss Babcock, and Miss Cruickshank; Germany by Fraulein Aussem, a past holder, who is returning to Wimbledon after three years; France by Mme Mathieu; Denmark by Mme Sperling; Switzerland by Mlle Payot; Italy by Signorina Valerio; while Australia has sent over her champion in Miss Hartigan.

Without Mrs Moody the competition for the women's title will be very open. The title has not been held by a home player since Mrs Godfree won it in 1926.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO WIMBLEDON



F. J. Perry, England



Peggy Scriven, England



G. de Stefani, Italy



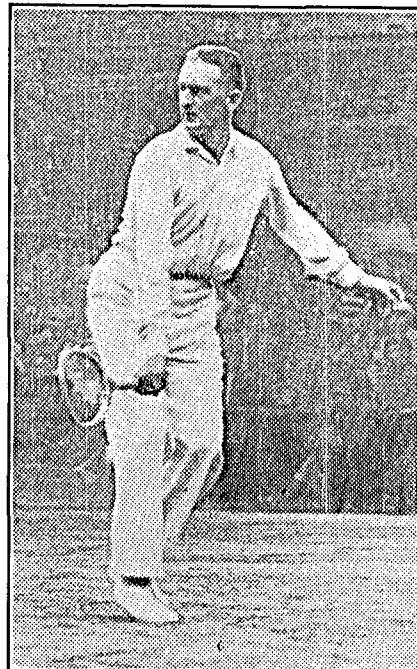
Helen Jacobs, U.S.A.



G. Von Cramm, Germany



Mme Mathieu, France



J. Crawford, Australia



Fraulein Aussem, Germany



Mlle Payot, Switzerland



C. Boussus, France



Signorina Valerio, Italy



F. X. Shields, U.S.A.

It is a romantic thought that nearly all nations send their tennis players to compete in the Wimbledon tournament for the privilege perhaps of treading the turf of the Centre Court. Here are some of the outstanding personalities in the championships.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF PAST EMPIRES

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE AND HIS WORK

The Vanished Citadel of the Shepherd Kings

THE MARK OF THE POTTER'S THUMB

Sir Flinders and Lady Petrie have just ended their fourth season's work among the Lost Cities of the Wilderness at the south of Palestine.

It will not be the last, because at Tell el Ajjul, near the still flourishing town of Gaza, they have found such rich traces of the vanished citadel of the Shepherd Kings as to whet still further their eagerness for new discovery. The Shepherd Kings were the fierce roaming Bedouins who invaded and conquered Egypt more than 3000 years ago.

To seek is not always to find, but Sir Flinders Petrie, the greatest archaeologist of our time, has unearthed at this place near Gaza a wealth of information about those five-foot Syrian horsemen who plundered as they rode and picked up their arts from the peoples they travelled through.

Astonishing Art Work

Here at their jumping-off place, where they abode for centuries, Sir Flinders Petrie has revealed the work in brick-building, in pot-making, in the fashioning of weapons, which they stole or borrowed from their neighbours. They had a taste for the finer arts, and goldsmith's work has come to light which, in its richness, quantity, and skill, is astonishing in such an ancient and presumably barbaric people. There are earrings and gold-plated bracelets, undoubtedly of Irish gold and manufacture, the fact throwing a curious light on the commerce between East and West all those centuries ago.

There are two plaques of hammered gold, representing the great mother goddess of Syria who thousands of years later was to find a place at Ephesus. In all 150 pieces of delicate gold work have been found, as well as pieces evidently broken up for melting down.

Inexhaustible Enthusiasm

This is the latest of Sir Flinders Petrie's discoveries, but we are sure it is not the last. He has been at the work for half a century, and now, in his 82nd year, is as energetic as ever. Next month we shall see his lion-like head at University College and listen to his inexhaustible enthusiasm in his life's task. Often have we heard and admired his vivid explanations, making these dry bones live as he stood among his yearly collection of pots and shards, fragments of ivory and bone, beads and metal-work, and statuettes.

Early in the last century Egyptologists found the key to the history of Egypt in hieroglyphics and inscriptions. Flinders Petrie has fitted the key in the lock and found another key of his own. He was the first man to see the importance of unconsidered trifles. The broken pots, and their shapes and their decoration, told him more than written manuscripts.

Dating the Pottery

He determined for all time the principles of the dating of pottery by comparing, stratum by stratum, the pots in the mound over the often rebuilt city of Lachish. He found that every age had its own styles of pot shapes or ornament, and of clay-baking. At different times foreign influences were brought to bear on the craftsman. But so completely can the evolution be systematised that, thanks to Petrie, it is possible to date a buried city as clearly as if it had been full of inscriptions.

He was, in this science, the first and greatest chronologer of the world's vanished peoples.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD DEBTS

AMERICA'S HINT AT PAYMENT IN KIND

Will She Make Good the Default of Her States?

WHAT THEY OWE US

In the latest American Note on War Debts Mr Cordell Hull declared that no proposal had ever been presented to the American Government looking toward payments in kind to an extent which might be found mutually practicable and agreeable.

This statement is as welcome as it is novel, for it recognises for the first time the supreme difficulty to both countries which the transference of gold or even silver involves. After all, America lent to the Allies, not money, but money's worth in ammunition and food resulting from the labour of her people. In the last few years our own people would have been only too willing to work and supply goods to America. But America herself has raised tariff walls which prevent this solution of the problem.

The Great Peace Debt

But while we are talking about payment of the War Debt in kind our Government should surely remind America of the great peace debt which some of her States have owed this country nearly a hundred years. The C.N. suggests that it would be good for both countries to pay each other's debts in goods; it would find work for each other's unemployed and start the wheels of trade again.

Surely America could pay her debt to us and its interest, which now probably amounts to £80,000,000, by the supply of goods which would give thousands of her nationals the employment they are crying out for. Let us look once more at this old debt.

A Hundred Years Ago

A hundred years ago America was in urgent need of money for the development of roads, railways, industries, and so on. Individual States authorised their banks to issue bonds on State security and, naturally enough, these were readily taken up by investors in Europe, for with proper management there was little likelihood of the interest not being paid as it fell due. But two of the States, Mississippi and Florida, soon got into financial difficulties, defaulted, and repudiated their bonds. Then came the Civil War, and more money was borrowed. After the Civil War seven other States defaulted too.

The Mississippi bonds have lately been discussed in the Supreme Court of the United States, where Monaco was refused permission to file a suit against Mississippi for the recovery of £20,000 worth of bonds. Monaco made the application because foreign nationals could not personally sue, and it was hoped a foreign State might succeed.

An Astounding Story

The story of these bonds is an astounding one; it is a perfectly clear example of wealthy American communities refusing to recognise the elementary principles of honesty. In 1830 Mississippi passed an Act authorising the Planters Bank to issue bonds for £4,000,000 on State security. Seven years later the Union Bank was similarly chartered. That summer £1,000,000 in specie and gold sailed up the great river and was unloaded amid public rejoicings. Instead of being used for normal business operations it was all frittered away in speculative undertakings.

For two years the Governor enforced the payment of the interest, but in 1841 he changed his tone and proposed repudiation. Both House and Senate refused, saying that this suggestion,

STRANGE LORD OF THE EARTH

The Dinosaur Has a New Book

EVERYTHING THAT IS KNOWN ABOUT HIM

The Dinosaurs. By W. E. Swinton. 15s. Murby and Co.

It was only 100 years ago that the first important bones of a dinosaur were discovered in this country.

They were sent off to Dr Gideon Mantell, who had 12 years before found some strange teeth which he submitted to Cuvier, the greatest authority on extinct animals who was then living. Cuvier reported that they were the teeth of a rhinoceros, while other specialists declared that they belonged to some large fish.

For a century past our knowledge of dinosaurs, or terrible reptiles, has increased, until today the story of the saurians forms a great chapter in natural history, while hundreds of books and articles are devoted to these strange creatures. They certainly merit the attention that has been given to them, for they were lords of the Earth for some 300 million years, and the last perished when our chalk cliffs were being laid down 100 million years ago.

A Fascinating Story

Dr Swinton has summarised all there is to know about the dinosaurs into this book, and has succeeded in placing before us a clear and fascinating story in language which the youngest can understand; while for older readers there are full bibliographies and appendices and the latest available knowledge acquired from the ends of the Earth.

There are photographs of skeletons and reconstructed animals, and some beautiful drawings of these weird creatures. In addition there are three maps of the world as it appeared in the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous periods during which the dinosaurs were lords of the land.

Dr Swinton works among the bones of these enormous reptiles at South Kensington, but there is nothing dead about his style. His book is one of the liveliest and most entertaining on natural history and geology that we have ever read. One of the greatest surprises to the layman is the fact that over 120 species of dinosaur have left something by which they can be seen to have inhabited our islands. An appendix enables us to find out everything that is to be known about these old inhabitants of England.

Continued from the previous column

violating their plighted faith, was a calumny on the justice, honour, and dignity of the State. In 1852, however, the Planters Bank bonds were repudiated by the State after a referendum to the people asking them to submit to direct taxation for their payment.

A test case was then brought in a Mississippi court by a New York bondholder and the court declared that the State was under an obligation to pay; but in America it is one thing for a judge to give an order and another for the Government to raise taxes on its people to supply the money. Mississippi's action was the more discreditable because the taxable property of that State trebled in value during the ten years ending in 1860.

The Federal Government of America has always been reluctant to act in this matter, though it realised that Mississippi flagrantly broke two of the articles of the United States Constitution. Congress has never had the courage to insist on justice being done, but the words of Daniel Webster, when he asked whether the Federal Government does not comprise the same people who make up the State Governments, are as true as when he spoke them 90 years ago.



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CLASS III " " " 14 " " " 18 "

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Newspaper, whose decision
must be accepted as final.

YOU still have another 24 days in which to complete your work for this free and attractive embroidery competition, open to all girls up to 18 years of age. If you have not already started—do so right away, because every entrant stands an equal chance of winning one of the large number of cash prizes.

Every girl should be interested in needlework, and no needlework can be more lovely than embroidery.

The rules are simple. All you have to do is to make up a floral design and embroider it on a piece of silk, canvas, linen, or any other material you like. Small and simple designs, nicely worked, will stand as much chance as large and elaborate ones, because the results will be judged on the originality, quality and care that have been taken with each piece of work submitted. If you wish, you can submit your embroidered design on a finished article such as a scarf, tea-cosy or cushion cover—but it must be a floral design and must have been originated and worked by yourself alone.

You can submit as many embroidered designs as you like.

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A small black ticket from one of the skeins must be submitted with each piece of work, and pinned to your entry. You must also securely attach a label giving your name and address and age written in block letters.

Entries must be addressed to: The Competition Editor, Children's Newspaper, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

On the outside of your package write the words **EMBROIDERY COMPETITION** in top left-hand corner very plainly, and send in your entry so that it arrives not later than **JULY 24 next**, which is the closing date.

All entries will be returned provided sufficient stamps are enclosed to cover cost of return postage, but Messrs J. & P. Coats Ltd reserve the right to publish or use for exhibition purposes any of the winning entries.

Cut out and keep these conditions for reference.

Results will be given in this publication issue dated August 18.



THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 43

Crooknose Holds Court

NEIL was already across the cellar and busy shifting the boxes, which they had stacked against the inner door.

"What on earth are you playing at?" exclaimed Archie in amazement.

"Our chance. Don't you see?" said Neil urgently. "The odds are the smuggler fellows will come in this way. If they see the door open they won't worry about us. Anyway, we shall be hidden. They'll go straight through and bump into Renny and Jupp. Meantime we nip out, bag their launch, and hook it."

"O-oh!" gasped Archie, and set to work like a Trojan.

It was work, too, for everything depended on getting the job done before the newcomers landed and entered the cellar. Each moment Neil expected to hear the key turn in the outer lock. Instead there were loud, angry voices outside.

"They've found the Spray and the dinghy," Neil panted, as he pulled away the last of the cases.

"That's upset them properly," returned Archie, with a faint grin. At that moment they both heard the key being inserted in the lock. Neil blew out the candle and they darted for the hiding-place they had already agreed on, a hollow space between a great pile of cases and the northern wall of the cellar. They were just in time, and dropped into the dark cavity at the very moment the door was flung open. A man entered, an enormously tall man who carried a powerful electric lamp. Archie pinched Neil's arm.

"Grier!" he whispered in the other's ear. "Might have known it. Jupp said they were pirates," replied Neil, in an equally low voice. "This is their hide-out and storehouse."

The first thing Grier saw was the open door opposite. He stopped and stared. The stout man behind him let out a roar of rage. "They've been here. Look at that there door!"

Grier turned on him like a fury. "Shut your mouth, Purvis. Have ye got no sense at all? If it's the Preventives you've given the whole show away."

Purvis, a thick-set, flat-faced man, looked sulky but made no answer.

"Don't worry, Grier," coolly remarked the third of the party. This was Wyon, a wizened little fellow who walked with his head poked forward. He had prominent eyes and hardly any chin, which made him look rather like a large lizard. "No need to worry," he declared. "These ain't Preventives: they'd have a proper launch. That boat outside is the Spray, the same as we chased the day it blew so hard, and I'll lay it's Renny and Jupp who are in the house."

"Likely you're right," agreed Grier scowling. "But what I want to know is how they found their way down here and where they are now."

"Up in the loft, I'll lay," said Wyon, who seemed to have his wits about him. "Let's go and round 'em up."

"Wait a bit," said Grier, who had pulled himself together. "I'm not going to have anyone coming on us from behind." He turned, stepped back to the door and locked it, then put the key in his pocket.

Neil's spirits dropped with a bump. This was fatal to his plan of escape. With sinking heart he watched Grier and his two unpleasant followers pass through the door into the outer cellar.

"Fine!" chuckled Archie at his elbow. "Fine, indeed!" retorted Neil bitterly. "This is no good to us. The door is locked, so we can't get to the launch."

"Why shouldn't we follow them?" asked Archie boldly. "While they're looking for Jupp and Renny we'll have a chance to slip round to the landing."

"We might," agreed Neil. "It's risky but it's a chance."

"It's our only chance. Come on."

"Wait one moment," Neil was pulling open his shirt. "This letter of Lowry's. It's too important to risk. We might be caught. I'm going to hide it here in a chink in the wall. We can always come back for it if we get away."

He thrust the all-important letter into a chink in the rough stone wall and risked flashing his torch a moment to find a handful of loose mortar to close the hole.

Before the two could scramble out of their hiding-place there came loud shouts and a sound of blows.

"Grier must have met Renny on the steps," muttered Neil.

Next minute came Grier and his merry men, dragging Renny and Jupp into the cellar. Both were much the worse for wear. Jupp had a black eye, and his coat was ripped all down the back, Renny's nose was bleeding. The wrists of both men were tied behind their backs.

"Light candles, Purvis," ordered Grier. "We've got to find how they came here."

"Now Renny will give us away," Archie whispered in Neil's ear.

Grier began to talk. "So you thought you'd put one over me, Renny, eh?"

Renny was angry, but he was much too clever to give way to rage.

"You are wrong, Mr Grier," he answered smoothly. "Until an hour ago I never set eyes on this house. Never knew of its existence. As for running my head into your business, that is the last thing I should dream of."

Grier opened his mouth to say something but Renny raised his hand.

"Wait, please. I want to explain. Two boys I had on Calpay took their hook this morning and came up the bay. I chased them but their dinghy drew less water than the Spray, and they got away. As soon as the tide rose I went after. There was only one channel, so I followed it. That's how I got here. When you came along Jupp and I were searching in the outhouses for these boys."

"Forsyth and young Grant, I reckon," said Grier.

For a moment Renny looked a little surprised. Then he shrugged. "Yes, those are the boys."

"And I reckon they got away with about £500 in notes, eh?"

Renny shrugged again. "Thereabouts," he said briefly.

Grier raised his arm.

"You tell me you didn't know that money was mine?" he said angrily.

"I didn't know anything of the sort."

"Well, it was. Wrecks is my perquisite, and I went all the way out to Calpay after

that money. You say those boys have got it. Where are they?"

"That's what I want to know. Their dinghy's tied up outside, so it's a sure thing they landed here. And they've been in the house. There's a fire in the stove."

Neil caught Archie by the arm. "It's our last chance," he whispered. "Another minute and they'll be looking for us."

CHAPTER 44

That Patch of Peat Bog

ARCHIE sprang into action. Flinging themselves out of their hiding-place, the two raced for the door into the outer cellar. They were so quick that they were through, and had slammed it shut and locked it, before Grier or his pair of beauties had recovered from their amazement.

Neil darted for the steps and rattled up them, and Archie was close at his heels. Their meal had given them fresh energy, and they were fit to run for their lives.

"We can't take the dinghy," said Archie.

"No, we've got to trust to our legs. Up the loch side and over the hills. Praise be, it's stopped raining."

Loud shouts rang out from the landing as the two fled away through the darkness, running parallel with the west bank of the loch. Grier's rusty voice rose above the rest, uttering appalling threats.

Grier's long legs would carry him over the ground fast, but Neil had no doubt that he himself could get away from any or all of them. His wind was better, and he knew the hills as they could not know them. He was not so sure about Archie. True, Archie had come on amazingly in the past month and was fit and hard, but he had never run a long distance and the question was whether he could stand the strain of running uphill. He would not know how to save himself as Neil did.

They came to the brook which fell into the head of the loch. Neil glanced back. It was too dark to see his pursuers, but he could hear them thudding along. By the sound he judged they were a couple of hundred yards behind. He jumped the brook, which was quite narrow. Archie jumped alongside, spurted, and drew ahead.

"Steady!" said Neil sharply, for they were on bad ground, soft and swampy, and just ahead he caught a darkness which might be water or mud. It was mud. His

warning was just too late, and next moment Archie was in up to his waist.

"Throw yourself back, Archie," Neil ordered sharply, and as Archie obeyed caught him by the hands and pulled desperately. The mud was liquid peat, stiff as warm glue, and though he pulled till his muscles cracked he could not move Archie. And every moment the thud of Grier's great feet sounded nearer.

Neil shifted his stance and tried once more. Archie was moving now. Neil made a last desperate effort and out Archie came.

"Run!" gasped Neil, who was himself completely blown by his tremendous exertions. "Keep to the right."

Archie made a fine effort, but he was plastered with mud which weighed him down like lead.

Even so, he and Neil might have done it if it had not been for the patch of bog. This barred their way; they could not cross it, and had to run round it. Just as they reached the head of it Grier was on them, his huge hand fell on Neil's shoulder and jerked him backward with such force that he fell flat on the ground.

Archie came round like a top and went at Neil's captor with the pluck of a bull terrier. He tried to collar him round the legs, but Grier thrust out a great bony knee which Archie hit with a force that almost stunned him. He reeled backward, and sat down heavily. Grier stooped and jerked Neil to his feet. "Thought you could get away?" he sneered.

"So we could," Neil retorted, "if it hadn't been for the bog. See here, Grier. Give me ten yards' start and I'll lay all I've got you can't catch me across the moor."

Grier stared, then gave a hoarse chuckle. He was pleased at having been the one to catch the boys, and Neil's challenge amused him. "I get all you have without racing you, brat," he remarked. "Fork it out. I know you've got it."

How Neil blessed his own foresight in hiding the letter! The money was nothing compared with that. All the same, he was not going to let it go too easily.

"It's not yours," he said boldly. "It belongs to Captain Lowry."

"All right. I'll give it to him when I'm done with it. Fork it out," he ordered with sudden ferocity.

There was no choice. The notes were in Neil's inside pocket, tied in a bundle. He pulled them out and Grier snatched them and thrust them into his own pocket. At this moment Wyon arrived.

"So you got 'em, boss," he panted.

"No thanks to you," returned Grier sourly. He spoke to Neil. "You coming quiet?" he asked in a menacing tone.

"Don't seem to have much choice," remarked Neil. "If you'd wait till I grew up it might be different."

Grier chuckled again. He was in high good humour at recovering the five hundred pounds. "You'd have to grow a lot to stand against Israel Grier," he remarked.

All the way back Neil was wondering what would happen next. The letter was safe. That was the great thing, and he felt sure that Renny would say nothing about it. The last thing Renny wanted was to let Grier know of its importance. Renny would hear, of course, that Grier had the money, but he could not tell whether or not he had the letter. Renny was cunning and would keep his mouth shut and wait for his chance. Would he get a chance? That was the question. Grier could not afford to turn him and Jupp loose, but, on the other hand, he could not keep them indefinitely in the haunted house.

Grier took them straight down to the cellar where Renny and Jupp were in charge of the flat-faced Purvis. Purvis grinned when he saw the boys.

"I thought they wouldn't get far," he remarked. "Did you get the cash, boss?"

Grier took the notes from his pocket.

"Five hundred of the best," he remarked.

Then he looked at Renny and Jupp and scowled. Jupp too was scowling. The loss of those notes was a very sore point.

"What are we going to do with them?" Grier asked.

"Let us go," Renny said quickly. "You can have our word that we will never mention this place, and if you'll give me those two boys, Grier, I'll give you another hundred pounds."

A cynical grin crossed Grier's face.

"Your word! A fat lot of good that would be to me or anyone." He turned to Wyon. "This place is no good to us any longer. But there's a lot of stuff here, and it'll take time to shift it. And we can't spare a chap to look after these fellows. Where'll we put 'em?"

"Why not take them back to Calpay, boss? They'd be safe enough there. And the kids too."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO STOPS THE GAME

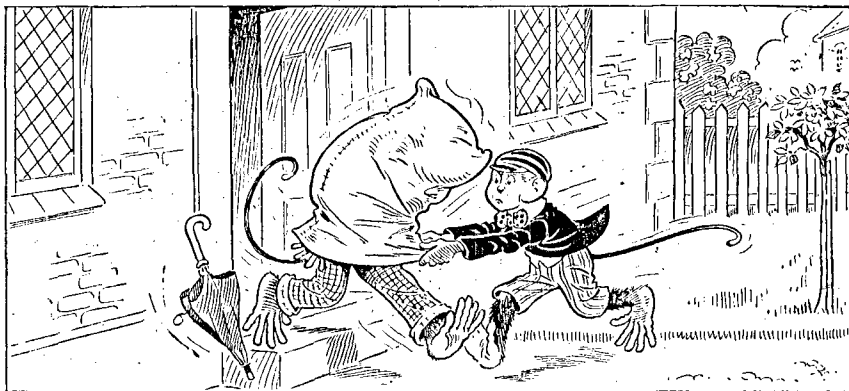
FATHER JACKO was rubbing his hands with great satisfaction.

"A stroke of luck!" he said for the third time. "If that chap hadn't taken the house off our hands I don't know what we should have done."

For Baby was ill, and the doctor had ordered him away into the country. "Give him a month in the fresh air!"

It was Jacko, his eyes popping nearly out of his head. As soon as the stranger had opened the door, and gone inside the house he crept up and peeped into the parlour window.

"Coo!" he breathed. "Of all the cheek! And in broad daylight too! You wait, my lad," he threatened, "I'll soon stop your little game."



"My bag!" cried Jacko proudly

he had said; "that'll bring the roses back into his cheek."

And then came the "stroke of luck"; one of Father's business friends offered to rent the house for a whole month.

It had all been fixed up so quickly that none of the other members of the family knew anything about it.

As soon as Father had gone back to his work Mother Jacko went off to tell Belinda the good news.

And no sooner had she gone than the new tenant (with Father Jacko's latch-key in his pocket) strolled round "to have another look at the place."

He had no idea that somebody was watching him with great interest.

And off he flew to the toolshed.

He came back in a few minutes with a big sack, and bided his time.

Presently out came the new tenant. As he reached the step Jacko darted forward, swung up the sack and brought it down, like an extinguisher, on the unfortunate man's head.

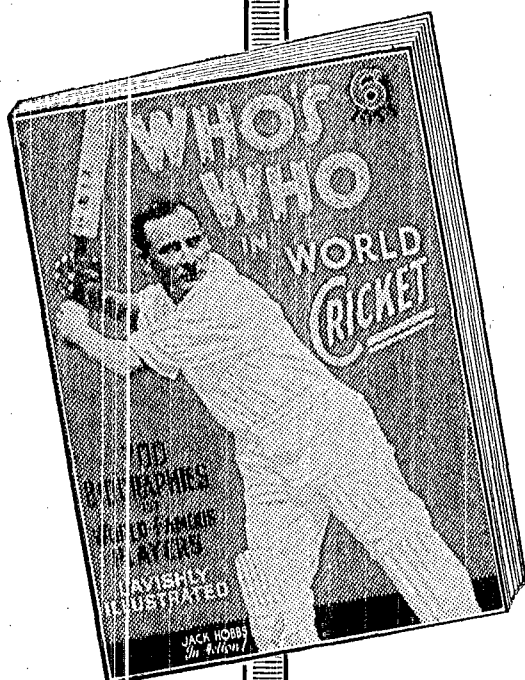
There was a shout, and Adolphus came rushing up.

"My bag!" cried Jacko proudly.

"You idiot!" roared Adolphus, who by this time had heard the good news.

"Now you've torn it!"

But, luckily for everybody, the new tenant saw the funny side, and no great harm was done.



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Marie Elisabeth REAL Sardines

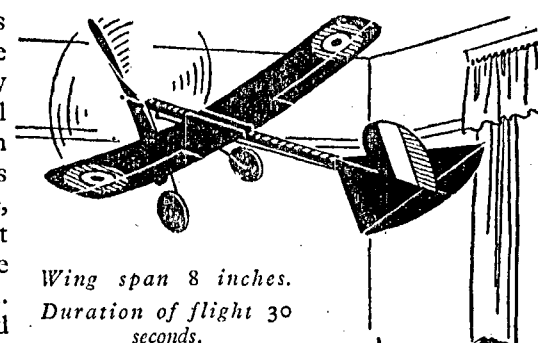
in delicious oil are greatly liked by **YOUNG PEOPLE**, are good for them, and are not costly. **GOOD?** Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

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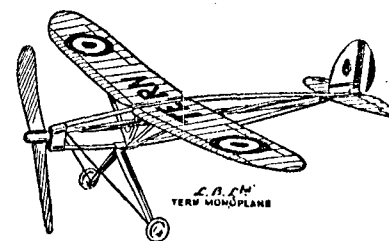
This strong and speedy monoplane will give you days of pleasure on your flying ground. The Tern Monoplane has been specially made to withstand the rigours of flying. Ready in a moment. Flies 200 feet. Wing span 15 inches. And just look at its low price! Get it now, at your nearest toyshop.

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must ask
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to get you one!**



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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 30, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

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Sixpence every Friday

THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

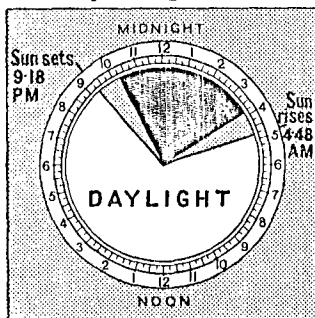
FORMED long ago, yet made today,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep.

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

SECOND broods of house sparrows are hatched. The hen harrier hatches its young. Young jays are fledged. The chaffinch's song ceases and the last notes of the whinchat are heard. The great horse-fly appears. Young frogs come on land. The wood leopard, scarlet tiger, and ghost moths are seen. Milfoil, white water-lily, field larkspur, meadow-sweet, common agrimony, blackberry, great valerian, lime, tufted vetch, flowering rush, St John's wort, and moneywort are in blossom. Spurge laurel berries are ripe.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 30. The daylight is now getting shorter each day.

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in laughter and also in grief,
My second's in shortness and also in brief,
My third is in oval and also in round,
My fourth is in winding and also in wound,
My fifth is in sinner and also in saint,
My sixth is in crimson and also in paint,
My seventh's in giddy and also in gay,
I'm what you are doing each moment and day.

Answer next week

Wet July

IN an average year the wettest month is July and the driest is March. Although we get more hours of rain in the winter months much of it is light drizzle, whereas summer rain usually takes the form of a heavy downpour, and much more rain falls in a given time.

Railway Seaways

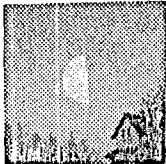
THE British railways operate no fewer than 27 cross-Channel services.

We can travel to the Continent by 16 different railway-owned routes; reach Ireland by nine; and have the choice of two routes to the Channel Islands.

Constant additions are being made to the railway fleet of 147 ships. In the last ten years orders have been placed with British shipbuilders for 64 vessels.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West. Saturn is in the South-East about midnight. In the morning Venus is in the North-East and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Wednesday, July 4.



What Is It?

EIGHT letters do compose my name.

And all the vowels grace the same.

Answer next week

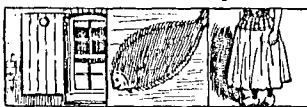
Fun With a Grape Stone

AN interesting experiment can be carried out with a grape stone and a glass of aerated water or lemonade.

Rub the pip as clean as possible and then drop it into the drink. Of course it sinks to the bottom of the tumbler. But after it has been there for a moment a curious thing happens. Bubbles of the gas attach themselves to the stone and soon these are so numerous that they act like buoys and bring the pip to the surface. Then the bubbles burst and down goes the

stone, only to rise again after a few moments. It is fun to put several grape stones into the tumbler and watch these rising and falling.

Ici On Parle Français



Le contrevent La sole La jupe
Shutter Sole Skirt

Avez-vous fermé les contrevents?
La chair de la sole est délicate.
A présent les jupes sont longues.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to June 2, 1934, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1934	BIRTHS 1933	DEATHS 1934	DEATHS 1933
London	5161	5258	3513	3311
Glasgow	1721	1792	1287	1093
Liverpool	1465	1432	905	828
Belfast	793	744	483	429
Edinburgh	567	543	450	428
Bristol	500	469	313	307
Leicester	276	286	209	183
Swansea	196	227	131	158
Huddersfield	129	142	130	111
Reading	123	132	89	84
Ipswich	111	98	63	71
York	98	85	97	74

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

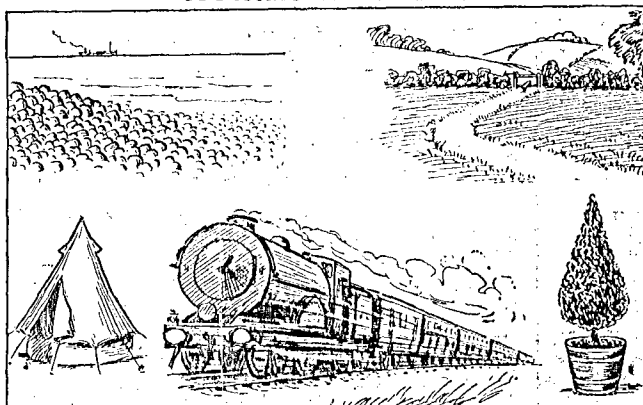
A Charade. Bedroom

Plant Riddle in Rhyme. Dog-rose

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

M	A	P	I	M	P	L	S	E	S	A	P
A	M	E	N	D	A	S	S	W	R	A	T
R	N	O	O	N	E	R	E	A	L	R	
T	O	B	L	O	S	O	R	T	B	A	
I	D	O	L	S	O	A	P	S	I	C	E
N	O	E	V	E	R	A	E	R	O	R	E
U	R	S	A	D	I	D	A	N	N	E	
U	R	N	T	A	S	S	E	L	S	A	T

A Picture-Word Puzzle



FIND the names represented by these pictures and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each will spell something on this page.

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE little bus had an air of bliss, of a life well spent, of a rest well earned.

It had been a jolly affair in its younger days, bright with scarlet and white enamel. Gilt letters on its side spelled Express; red letters at the door said, Wait Till the Bus Stops; white letters at the back announced, Emergency Door Only, and black letters inside said, To Seat 14.

It was a little country bus that brought farm-folk from a moorland dale to the market town in the valley, and it was amazing to see how many farmers and farmers' wives and dairymaids and ploughboys and baskets and chickens and cheeses and rabbits could manage to crowd into the little bus.

The little bus did year after year of noble service up and down the dale, lurching along twisty lanes, jogging down stony moorland tracks, rattling over narrow bridges, across tumbling waterfalls, panting up gritty hills, and always landing its load. In time the scarlet grew scratchy, the white became grey, but gilt Express flashed bravely between the stone walls of the dale road.

Then came a dark and terrible night when the little bus actually lost itself. Although it had travelled this same road for so long, yet on this sad night it missed its way. The wind lashed a storm of snow and sleet to fury; the bus was crowded and steamy. The wiper on

the driver's screen froze into the sleet; the driver did his best by peering round the side of his windscreen. The little bus chugged on, but in the darkness it went astray up a side track. No one was the wiser, not even the driver, who was busy holding the bus to the road by watching the dim line of the stone wall on his right. On and on went the little bus, but presently the engine began to strain, until it could pull no more. The bus stopped—bogged to the axles.

People got out into the storm. Menfolk prowled round until a shout announced that someone had recognised a landmark. Slowly they trudged over field and heather to the nearest farm.

THE HAPPY ENDING

Next morning found the little bus stranded off the rough track to a moorland farm. Men came and wagged wise heads sadly; more men came and took the engine, the wheels, and the seats inside. The carcass they left.

Presently the farmer came and eyed the empty shell. He was followed by his daughter, who talked excitedly and left hurriedly. She returned with boxes, straw, and a lamp. Then with more boxes and more. The little bus swelled with pride. Inside the notice still said, To Seat 14; but now clustered around the oil-lamp that burned warmly on the floor were 150 passengers—fluffy yellow chicks. The little bus was a proud foster-mother.

Dr MERRYMAN

A Poser

THE twins were playing at doctor and patient.

"And," said the doctor at the end of a list of instructions, "now go home and jump into a hot bath, and be very careful to keep your feet dry."

The Fisherman's Hut

THE fisherman's hut is the place for Jim;
It's the sort of a place that fascinates him:
There are spars and blocks and folded sails,
And fishermen, too, to tell him tales;
There are ropes and nets and lobster-pots,
And fishermen, too, to teach him knots;



There are jerseys blue with knobby darts,
And fishermen, too, a-swapping yarns;
There are bits of boats from off the sands,
And fishermen, too, with horny hands;
There are lines and hooks and corks as well,
And fishermen, too, and a tarry smell.

The fisherman's hut is the place for Jim,
The fishermen always make room for him;
They tell of sharks and whales they've fought;
He tells of tiddlers he has caught!

The Litter Louts

THE heath bore unmistakable signs of the Litter Lout.

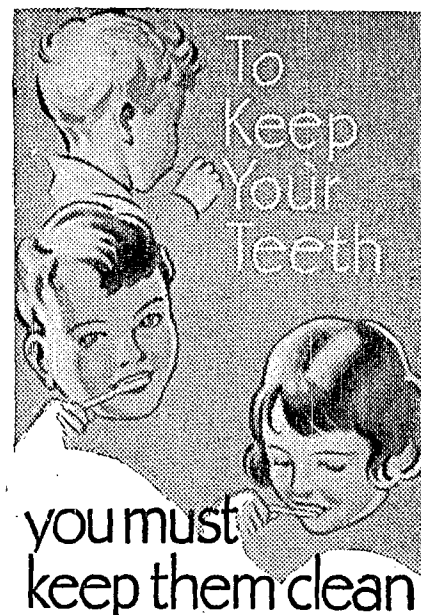
"What is the cause of this terrible mess?" a local councillor asked the heath ranger.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "last night handbills were distributed asking the public to keep our open spaces tidy."

A Difference

SMITH: I hear that your boy is studying music.

JONES: Not at all! He's only learning to play jazz tunes on the piano.



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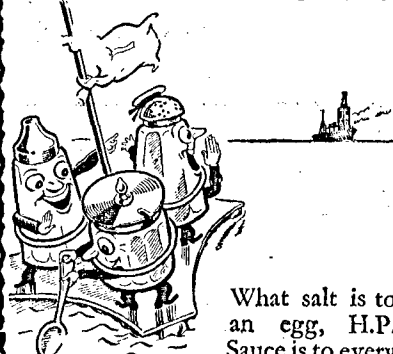
COUPON—To Euthymol Dept. 81, P.P. 6, 50, Beak St., London, W.1.
Free of all charge please send a week's sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name

Address

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